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THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1949

SOCIALISM AND THE LABOUR PARTY

BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY

IN an otherwise admirably balanced history of the rise of the Labour Party during the first half of the twentieth century* Mr. Francis Williams ends on a note of satisfaction : indeed, almost of complacency. He sets out the unprecedented difficulties of Britain's situation at the end of the 1939-1945 war, and gives us to understand that the Labour Government has surmounted them. " Because of Socialist planning, Britain has now a good chance of recovering from the economic battering of the war, of climbing back to a satisfactory trade balance and making herself thereafter independent of any need for further American aid." The reader of Mr. Williams' final chapter who turns to, say, Sir Stafford Cripps's last statement would be inclined to wonder whether they could be speaking of the same country and the same situation.

Probably, Mr. Williams' narrative was actually written well before the economic crisis became acute : perhaps as far back as two years ago. He appears to speak, for example, of the nationalization of steel as an accomplished fact, as though he were anticipating no difficulties and could safely assume that there would be none. But even two years ago one would have thought that a sober and serious historian of British Socialism would have been a little troubled by the decline in productivity of some of our most important industries. Mr. Williams shows no indication of any concern. The forward march will continue, untroubled and unchecked.

In fact, in his final chapter, Mr. Williams changes his rôle from sympathetic historian to party propagandist. At the last his book becomes hardly more than an electioneering leaflet. It is a pity. For he is well qualified to deal, honestly and hopefully, with the fundamental problems which have arisen since Labour became a majority party.

The chief of these is the change in the status of the trade unions. Mr. Williams, as historian, cannot be charged with neglecting the importance of the trade unions in the rise of the Labour Party. Perhaps the most excellent quality of his narrative is its insistence on the crucial part they played. They were the big battalions. It was not until their financial support was secured that the Labour Party had any prospect of becoming a national party at all ; and, more

* *Fifty years march : The Rise of the Labour Party.* By Francis Williams. Odhams. 7s. 6d.

than anything else, it was the reaction of the trade unions to adverse legal judgments which convinced them of the necessity of independent political representation, and of their duty to pay for it. The assurance of this great body of organized economic supporters—many of whom, for a long while, were politically indifferent—gave the opportunity to create a party organization of a size and efficiency which had no precedent in Britain. However restive the socialist elements in the federation which composed the Labour Party may have been under the massiveness of the block vote, those among them who had any practical political sagacity realized where the life of the party lay. If, like the later I.L.P., they parted from the trade unions, it was only to decline and wither.

In the election of 1929 for the first time the number of Labour M.P.'s sponsored by local Labour parties was slightly greater than the number of trade union M.P.'s (128 to 124) : and the just claim was made that the Labour Party had now become a truly national party. Nevertheless, as the election of 1931 showed, the centre of gravity remained in the trade unions. The big battalions stood firm in that extraordinary crisis, when the revered leaders of the Independent Labour Party, Macdonald and Snowden, turned all the force of their great eloquence against the party which they had led. The issue on which the bulk of the trade union leaders—after much hesitation—then stood firm was the proposed cut of ten per cent. in unemployment benefit. They refused to participate in a Labour government which did that. Their opposition was instinctive rather than reasoned : it is doubtful whether any of them had a constructive solution to the dilemma set before them by the economic crisis and the old-fashioned economics of Snowden. Nevertheless, their instinct was sound. The cuts in unemployment benefit were unnecessary.

There are resemblances between the situation of 1931 and that of to-day : and there are great differences. The striking resemblance lies in a resurgence of a fundamental tension between the political Labour Party and the trade unions. The differences, of course, are equally striking. The Labour Party is definitely a majority party, solely responsible for the government of the country. It is compelled to none of the compromises which were forced on the minority Labour government of 1929. The financial mentality of Sir Stafford Cripps differs entirely from that of Viscount Snowden. And, as far as one can judge, there is no real conflict of opinion between the trade union representatives in the Government and those of the political Labour Party. The balance of the tension has shifted significantly. It is not between the political and trade union leaders, but between the leaders as a whole and the rank and file of the trade unions. The trade union leaders feel that they cannot carry

their members with them. It is no use their consenting to the virtual standstill on wages which the Labour Government demands, if their consent will be repudiated. Most of them would like to be able to do what the Labour Government asks, but they feel it is beyond their power to get from their members any real assurance that they will not press, by strike action, for an increase of wages as prices rise.

Compared to this, the conflict of 1931 was child's play. Though the solution of the former conflict was spectacular and dramatic—the formation of an essentially spurious " coalition " government—that particular solution was not inevitable. Had it not been for the intellectual egotism and love of power of Macdonald and Snowden, the Labour Party could have resigned in good order, with the reasonable conviction that the unemployment cuts which it had resisted were unjust and unnecessary. They could, indeed, have easily been avoided by a relatively slight increase of taxation : a redistribution of the national income to the benefit of the necessitous on a scale which would have been trivial in comparison with what was to come. The Labour Party—or the trade union element in it—had, so to speak, a moral margin in which to defend the unemployed, just as the country as a whole had an economic margin in which to assist them, if it had chosen to do so. The Labour movement in 1931 was morally right : the country as a whole morally wrong.

To-day the morality of the situation is totally different. There is no economic margin from which the claims of the trade unionists can be met : therefore the claims themselves are unjust. It is imperative, economically and morally, that labour as a whole should produce more for the money wage it is at present receiving. It is inevitable that the cost of living should rise, not because of the Government's decision to devalue the pound sterling. That was merely the recognition of an accomplished fact. The pound had already been devalued in the markets of the world, as any British traveller on the continent knew well. The rise in the cost of living in Britain which must follow that depreciation of the pound in the world-market is only the adjustment to economic reality : the sign that we have not been working hard enough to earn the goods we consume. For the trade union members to insist that they shall consume just as much as before, yet work no harder, is a moral enormity, however much it may be concealed by the existence of agreements which provide that wages shall advance to correspond to the cost of living. Such agreements are morally obsolete. They amount to a claim by the workers that their pounds are sacrosanct and indevaluable.

On this occasion it is their own chosen political leaders who inform them unanimously and with conviction that their claims are unjust

and cannot be met. There is no possibility of a split in the political leadership of the Labour Party on this issue, because there is no possibility of the trade unionists' claim being satisfied without national disaster. No imaginable government—not even one selected solely from trade union members—could govern the country if it had to admit the claim. A communist government would be the first to repudiate it entirely—and would do so much more decisively than the Labour Government has done. If the claim is maintained, by the only means it can be maintained, that is, by strike action, though the already precarious situation of the country will grow worse, there will be nothing for it but for the Labour Government to face the strikers with an adamantine refusal, or resign : *capax imperii, nisi imperasset.*

From the point of view of the historian considering the development of the ideology of the British Labour movement, the threatening deadlock shows how superficial is the claim, made in all good faith by Mr. Williams, that in 1918 the Labour Party became a socialist party : and how superficial too was the conception of Socialism which the political leaders of the party then put forward, and the trade union representatives accepted. In retrospect there were two hiatuses. There was a gap, or a gulf, between the blue-print for a new social order, of which Sidney Webb was the principal draughtsman, and the realities of human nature in a democratic society. The blue-print asserted the need of an increased production of goods and services, and that this could be met only by " the socialization of industry to eliminate inefficiency and waste, and the application both of more honest determination and more science and intelligence to every branch of the nation's work." In the abstract, it sounds well enough ; and probably it was completely convincing in 1918. But we of 1949 cannot suppress our wonder that the notion that " the socialization of industry " would *ipso facto* " eliminate inefficiency and waste " should never have been submitted to serious examination. If it had been, it would have appeared that the blessed word " socialization " concealed under the semblance of an administrative reform a moral revolution. The seeming matter-of-factness with which Sidney Webb had stiffened the ethical idealism of the I.L.P. was deceptive. He appeared to have turned Utopian Socialism into practical politics—into a matter of " social engineering ". It was immensely plausible, and in a way comforting. There can have been very few trade unionists who were not troubled by such a declaration of the socialist faith as Bruce Glasier's, for example—a spiritual leader of the old I.L.P.—that " Socialism, when finally resolved, consists not in getting at all, but in giving." That was too high falutin'. There was such a lot for the trade unionist to get before he could dream of giving, that it was unreal. ' Labour and the new

Social Order ' seemed to bring it all down to earth : to make it a programme of organizational and administrative change instead of one of moral revolution. It was plausible ; it was comforting ; but it was, in the last resort, a sleight-of-hand.

The second hiatus was more localized and definite. No one tried to think out the functions of the trade unions themselves in the new social order. Probably this was not due to diplomacy : but to the same instinctive reticence which forbade the unwrapping of the word " socialization ". The trade union leaders would have been very perplexed if any one had tried to define the functions and status of the trade unions under Socialism. Marx might prophesy that the State would wither away, and it was all right, though no-one knew what he meant ; but that the programme of the Labour Party should prophesy that the trade unions would have to wither away was unthinkable. It was against nature.

In the sense that it accepted a detailed programme of " socialization " whose ethical implications nobody insisted on (or perhaps understood) the Labour Party became " socialist " in 1918. The trade unions acccepted it in an even profounder ignorance of what it involved for them. It was so remote from realization that criticism of it for Utopianism would have seemed more Utopian than itself. Socialization, nationalization, municipalization became almost interchangeable words (as perhaps they ought to be), but imperceptibly by this method of equivalence the revolutionary element in Socialism had been conjured away.

It was the strength and the weakness of Fabianism that it did not believe the revolutionary element ought to be there. In its justified contempt for insurrectionism in a democracy, it forgot that a revolution of another kind was still necessary if Socialism was to succeed. The old enthusiasts of the I.L.P. were in the right of it on this point, though they were far too optimistic about the ease with which the revolution could be accomplished. But there was a good deal of excuse for their optimism. The old I.L.P. kindled in its adherents a passion for disinterested service in the socialist cause which was new in British politics, and which supplied the spiritual impetus to the creation of the Labour Party. It was very easy for the leaders of the old I.L.P. to deceive themselves about the idealism of the working class. It must have seemed to them that no very great change was required to make the average worker as responsive to the demands of the new community as he was to those of self-interest.

Substantially, the Labour Party was created by a fusion between the trade unions, the I.L.P. and the Fabians. (There is a Marxist strain in it, too—from the S.D.F. and the labour colleges—but it is of less importance.) This fusion was never complete, though it was a good deal more than a pragmatic alliance. But the condition of its

effectiveness was that the trade unions should either remain unconscious of what the social revolution " by peaceful and legal means " required of them, or, by becoming conscious of it and accepting it, transforming themselves into a unique socialist working-class. To expect the latter was inordinate. Nobody even tried to instruct them.

Practically, the alliance was wonderfully successful. Mr. Williams is fully justified in seeing something phenomenal in the growth of the Labour Party during fifty years. But the success was largely due to the fact that the aims and social philosophy of the trade unions did not need to be changed. The behaviour-patterns which they had absorbed under capitalism and partly from capitalism were deeply ingrained. They were quite well adapted to the " Socialism " of a minority party : they gave the Labour Party its body and its means to live. But once Labour gained power, and wielded the authority of the State, these same behaviour-patterns instantly became obsolete and retrogressive. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that democratic Socialism in Britain has at the moment no more stubborn enemy than the trade unions. The iniquities of " the boss-class " are mightily reduced ; but at their worst they are only an evidence that Socialism is necessary. The conservatism of the trade unions, so long as it endures, is a proof that Socialism is impossible.

That, of course, assumes that what is meant by Socialism is a condition of society which is arrived at by democratic process, and in which the processes of democracy are maintained. In a communist society the conservatism of the trade unions would be broken down by force—so would a good many other resistances. In Russia the avowed function of the trade unions is simply to propagate the directives of the central government : to resist them is unthinkable, or a capital crime. The right to strike was abolished long ago. Socialism, on the other hand, being by definition democratic, can never contemplate the abolition of the right to strike, even with the purpose of enforcing claims that are unreasonable and, if conceded, fatal to Socialism itself. But just as it must remain the right of the workers to strike, so it becomes the duty of the socialist government (as of any other) to refuse to give way. The conservatism of the trade unions, if it cannot be dissolved by understanding, must be disintegrated by hard experience. That process involves hardship for everybody. But it is not easy to see how it can be avoided. And it is probably optimistic to believe that it might have been. The process of discovering the pragmatic balance between the desire for abstract justice and the habits of a human nature which changes very slowly is bound to be difficult and dangerous.

(*The author writes next month on* " The Trade Unions and the Welfare State ".)

AN EVALUATION OF DEVALUATION

By R. P. Schwarz

IN his broadcast of Sunday, September 18, Sir Stafford Cripps went out of his way to stress that the British Government's decision to devalue the pound had been " all their own work." He said, in particular :

> These decisions Mr. Bevin and I took to Washington and the very first thing we did when we arrived there was to tell them in confidence to our United States and Canadian colleagues.
>
> They had to do with matters that were entirely our own concern and upon which there was no question of consulting others, even our best friends.

It may not be pleasant for our *amour-propre*, but it is certainly relevant, to point out that there was no need " to consult our best friends." They had long given us their advice, unasked and unsolicited. They had even been at pains to make sure that this advice would be followed. It goes without saying that no pressure of any kind was exercised on the British Government. Such things are only done behind the Iron Curtain. In the west, political and economic relations are conducted in the pure spirit of Christian altruism and satellites are unknown among fully sovereign and independent nations. It is hardly conceivable therefore—or is it ? —how so well-informed and independent an organ of the British press as the *Manchester Guardian* could, about the middle of July, publish in its financial column the following significant paragraph :

> There is no doubt at all that the United States Treasury has carried on an active campaign against sterling for several months. The official version that no request for devaluation was ever made to Britain and no pressure applied is perfectly meaningless. The American press was being told by high authorities day by day that sterling devaluation was certain and desirable. What was the press to think ? And what were the businessmen to think when they saw this assertion repeated almost daily for many weeks ?

Be that as it may, now that we have, quite independently, of course, taken a decision which so providentially accords with American wishes, it is worth while examining its consequences.

According to Mr. John Snyder's statement, made immediately after the announcement of the devaluation, " the British Government has taken a constructive economic step " in modifying the exchange rate of sterling. The immediate effect of this measure should be " an early rise of the dollar resources. The long-term result should be a healthy impetus to world-wide multilateral trade." The action and counter-action of the factors that intervene in the devaluation of the

pound and other currencies, are exceedingly difficult to calculate. But while hard and fast conclusions are not possible at this juncture, one thing is certain : Mr. Snyder's statement completely disregards the unfavourable factors of the situation.

To begin with, it is very doubtful, to say the least, whether the countries which have now devalued their currencies will be able merely to earn as many dollars as before, let alone more. One paramount condition must be fulfilled if a country, by devaluing its currency, seeks to increase its exports and, at the same time, its receipts of foreign currency : its export markets must be elastic. The cut in its selling prices, in terms of foreign currency—which is what devaluation amounts to in essence, in its international aspect—must be more than made up by an expansion in the volume of sales. Quantities sold, multiplied by their prices in foreign currency must, after devaluation, produce receipts in foreign currency larger than before.

This main condition does not seem to be fulfilled in the case of the United States, the most important of all dollar markets. An examination of American import figures over a prolonged period shows that United States imports are inelastic. To be precise, they are inelastic in the only direction that matters in the present case : upwards. They shrink abruptly even during a comparatively minor slump, but they do not expand proportionately in a period of active business. The long-term trend of American imports has long been downwards: in 1929, they represented (tourist expenditure included, which is only imports in a different form) 5.6 per cent. of the United States national income ; in 1937, 4.7 per cent. in 1948, 3.5 per cent.* In particular, American imports from Europe—the products of which consist mainly of manufactures—have been contracting for a long period. And even in 1948, a boom year, when Europe was no longer handicapped by shortages and could have fully satisfied American requirements, United States imports of European goods, calculated at constant (1938) prices remained appreciably below their pre-war level even though total United States imports, equally at constant prices, were about 40 per cent. above the pre-war level.

The fact, however unpleasant, is that America either does not require any large imports, or, if she does, will not take them as long as many of her industries remain heavily protected by tariff walls. Such goods, as she does import are, mainly, raw materials and, especially, tropical produce ; highly specialized finished products such as Swiss watches, and a few " non-essentials " such as some foodstuffs, Scotch whisky, French wines, fine woollens and cotton goods, bought by a wealthy, but numerically inconsiderable clientele. For essential manufactures, mass produced and selling in large

* 19th Annual Report of the Bank for International Settlements, Basle, p. 95. The Interim Report of the O.E.E.C., Paris (January 1949) says : " There has been a steady long-term tendency for (American) imports especially of most manufactures to rise less quickly than the national income." (p. 65).

quantities, the markets continue to be well protected by the existing tariff and no great expansion of sales can be expected while it is maintained. Some will object that currency devaluations should enable the exporting countries to jump this hurdle and that in Britain's case, in particular, a 30 per cent. devaluation should allow for a considerable expansion of sales. In theory, indeed, it should reduce proportionately the incidence of American duties which are mostly assessed *ad valorem*, that is, as a percentage of the dutiable value of imports, that value being in some way related to the exporter's selling price. In actual fact, however, things are not so simple. Under the present rules of customs valuation, United States duties are in fact assessed on fictitious customs values which are mostly substantially higher. Their effect, in many respects, may be held to be as restrictive as that of import quotas, so distasteful to Americans.*

These methods are often sufficient in themselves to wipe out such price advantages as the foreign manufacturer may possess over his American competitor. Apart from that, it is quite unlikely that foreign manufacturers, all official encouragement notwithstanding, will without actual compulsion go to the considerable effort and expense of tackling the American market, failing any guarantee that they will be able to hold it for any appreciable time. Devaluation affords no such guarantee. The manufacturers are well aware that the price advantages thus obtained are essentially transient : they disappear either because costs go up in the domestic markets and, hence, selling prices must be increased, or else because manufacturers in the importing countries start clamouring for higher tariffs—and never fail to secure them ; or, finally, because of both these factors combined. Compared with a reduction in tariffs, devaluation thus provides no more than a precarious stimulant. A tariff reduction may be slow to achieve, for it requires legislative action. But once carried out, it is likely to remain in force for a considerable period and even a subsequent rise of duties takes time to accomplish, for the very same reasons.

On all these grounds, a genuine expansion of sales to the dollar markets does not appear much of a probability.† To sum up conclusions reached so far, an examination of the various factors affecting exports to the dollar markets lends no support to Mr. Snyder's

* For a detailed study of these rules, see R. Elbertson Smith, *Customs Valuation in the United States : A Study in Tariff Administration.* University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1948.

† Should the export statistics during the next few months show any important rise in exports to the dollar area, this in itself will not disprove the arguments here adduced : exports will have to rise in value by 43.9 per cent. merely to produce the same amount of dollars as prior to the devaluation. Only if they rise by more than this percentage will there be any genuine improvement, compared with the past. According to *The Economist* of September 24, 1949 (" Trade and the New Pound "), exports, on certain assumptions detailed in that article, would have to increase by 144 per cent. (very nearly two and a half times) if the dollar gap were to be closed by this means alone.

optimistic anticipations. Direct European exports to the dollar area are unlikely to produce substantially more dollars, and it must even be feared that they will produce fewer, than heretofore. Indirectly, the sales of raw materials from the Colonial possessions of European powers may perhaps be stimulated to some extent. That would apply, in particular, if the United States decided to change its regulations governing the use of synthetic rubber (which, in their effect, are equivalent to a protective tariff) and to revert to a wider utilization of natural rubber. But even that measure and others—such as purchases of raw materials for stockpiling purposes—can only reduce, but cannot close, the dollar gap.

If a genuine increase in European exports is unlikely to result from devaluation, a substantial reduction of European imports by the same means appears hardly more probable. It is not clear how any appreciable contraction of imports from the dollar area could be secured in this manner when such imports have, in every important respect, been cut repeatedly in the past : their volume is in fact determined by quantitative restrictions such as result from a system of import licences and the rationing of dollars. A further reduction of dollar expenditure could only be obtained by reducing imports of essential raw materials and capital goods, without which it would not, however, be possible to maintain even the present volume of exports, let alone increase it. The price of any further cut in imports must inevitably be paid in the shape of unemployment and a further lowering of the standard of living.

It is quite evident that imports from the dollar area will cost 44 per cent. more than before, but even imports from the sterling area are bound to increase in price. This price increase will be the heavier the more successful the devaluation might be in other respects, for in that case, larger sales to the dollar area will drive up the general price level in the sterling area. Even if that price rise can be contained, there is on the whole little to show that devaluation will make it easier to solve the dollar problem except if on the American side new and far-reaching tariff measures are taken of which there is as yet no indication.

Much has, however, been made of the argument that costs of production in Britain were too high, and hence also prices of British exports. Labour being strong enough to resist any wage reductions, devaluation was the only quick-acting, practical means of reducing both costs and selling prices. Some British prices did rise appreciably beyond the level of the world markets and reductions in money wages, given the strength of organized labour, would indeed have been successfully resisted against any conceivable government. But wages are only one element of costs and, thus, of selling prices. And despite numerous glib assertions, most of them unsupported

by conclusive statistical evidence, it is a moot point by how much British prices were above the competitive level in the free markets of the dollar zone. Yet, whether devaluation was *economically* justified hinges on this very point. In practice, a discrepancy in prices not exceeding from ten to 15 per cent. can generally be taken care of by measures other than devaluation. Given time for manoeuvring and even if wage reductions were impossible, profit margins could have been cut in some cases and methods of production improved in many others. These measures, admittedly, would have been insufficient if, as held by M. Gutt, chairman of the International Monetary Fund, this price discrepancy had been as high as 25 per cent. But a good many increases in British export prices announced within the first few days after devaluation would not have been possible, if the price discrepancy, some goods excepted, had really been of this magnitude.

It is in any case significant that the authors of the 19th *Annual Report* of the Bank for International Settlements, Basle—published in June of this year and, from internal evidence, written in April or May—find on developments in foreign trade :

> Generally speaking, costs, prices and exchange rates in western Europe cannot have been very much out of line with intrinsic currency values ; otherwise, the improvement which has taken place and is still going on, would hardly have been possible (p. 92).

Somehow, it does not seem likely that within the short space of less than three months, between the date when these lines were written and the onset of the midsummer dollar crisis, the situation should have deteriorated so fundamentally as to require for its redress a series of currency devaluations such as we have experienced. There are a good many reasons to justify the suspicion that in many cases the " excessive costs " argument was based solely on the contraction of exports to the dollar area experienced during the last six months or so. Such proof is insufficient. One would have to know whether the drop in sales to the dollar area was greater, relatively, than the drop in turnover of domestic business in the United States brought about by the recent recession. Not even that would be fully conclusive. For, as shown above, American exports are on the whole " marginal " and therefore likely, during a recession, to shrink far more sharply than domestic business.*

Incidentally, from the point of view of cutting costs, one of the most regrettable effects of devaluation is precisely that it removes the incentive towards more efficient methods of production. For if

* Dr. T. Balogh's book *The Dollar Crisis*, which reached me abroad at the end of November after I had written this article, develops in greater detail various points stressed here and confirms, in particular, my remarks about the "excessive costs" argument.

producers can maintain or even expand their sales without any greater effort in that direction, they are encouraged to persevere in obsolete and inefficient methods. Appeals and exhortations do not replace the stimulus that comes from the *argumentum ad crumenam*, the fear for one's pocket. Apart from that, devaluation is one of the crudest methods of cutting prices ; it is entirely unselective and cuts even those prices which are competitive.

In the British case at least, devaluation seems to have only one favourable aspect : if the level of prices in Britain goes up considerably, Britain's heavy external sterling debt—the sterling balances—will be correspondingly reduced in real value (in terms of goods, of which a smaller volume will then suffice to discharge the debt). But such a relief is only contingent. It hinges on the failure of devaluation, for a heavy rise in prices would precisely reduce to naught its very purpose. By contrast, the increase in Britain's external dollar debt by 44 per cent. is an accomplished fact. It is not surprising, therefore, that until a very late hour the British authorities should have been opposed to devaluation.

In those conditions, the only compelling and valid reason for devaluation was the rapid decline in gold and foreign exchange reserves which required some measure of immediate relief. Such a justification stems, however, far more from politics than from economics. It only goes to show that devaluation had to be adopted as a hasty emergency measure, irrespective of its long-term consequences, because politics on either side of the Atlantic did not permit economic recovery to be achieved by more sensible means : greater efficiency of production on this side of the Atlantic ; really far-reaching reductions in the American tariff on the other side.

Ever since 1944, the writer has in the columns of THE FORTNIGHTLY pleaded the necessity of radical and, be it added, largely unilateral reductions in the American tariff. Neither the Bretton Woods agreements, nor the American loan of 1946 nor, finally, the Marshall plan have offered him much reason to change his opinion. Of these three measures the Bretton Woods agreements were conceived for an imaginary world in which the balance of payments problem would be well on the way to solution, if not actually solved. The two others were both expedients that had to be adopted largely because that problem had, in actual fact, not yet been solved.

The present round of devaluations, although devoid of lasting economic value, may however offer one advantage in the political field. Devaluation exhausts the list of available expedients to which recourse could be had before turning to the real solution of the

problem.* If, as must be feared, after a year or 18 months the temporary stimulus thus provided will have spent itself and we shall be very close to the end of Marshall aid † it will no longer be possible to shirk the real issue. If the United States Government wants to solve the dollar problem *within the framework of multilateral trade*, it will have to take action on the tariff issue and possibly, all other expedients exhausted, it will then be in a better position to turn round to Congress and obtain such action.

A tariff reduction would undoubtedly provide the most important single contribution to a solution of the dollar problem. But by now, in the conditions that have developed during the last decade, even this measure is unlikely to be sufficient by itself. In relation to America, Europe's competitive position, already unsatisfactory during the inter-war period, has further deteriorated since 1939 and with American progress continuing at a high rate, it would indeed be quite an achievement if European producers merely succeeded in stabilizing the position. That is why it appears uncertain whether, even with a low U.S. tariff, European producers would be able to earn, quickly enough, a sufficient amount of dollars by direct exports to the American market—although they would then for the first time be given a fair chance to earn them in the long run. The technical arrears on this side of the Atlantic and the differences in productivity can only be overcome if Europe, by economic integration, creates one vast market in which cheap mass production would pay. The present difficulties of the Organization for European Economic Co-operation show clearly that such a development encounters many obstacles and that progress will be slow.

Meanwhile, provision would still have to be made for a transitional period during which American help would have to continue in some shape or form. Whatever the warnings from the American side, a complete and abrupt discontinuation of American aid in 1952—similar to the abrupt stop of Lease-Lend in August 1945—is not very likely because of the consequences it would entail on *both* sides of the Atlantic. Indeed, the risk would be too great to run even if by 1952, the American tariff had been radically lowered—and that,

* While its effects last, devaluation, in its international aspect, provides a temporary solution of the problem because it makes it possible to by-pass the American tariff (with the qualifications mentioned above regarding U.S. Customs valuation). From the domestic point of view, its effect cannot fail to be inflationary. (The devaluation of 1931 was an exception confirming the rule—it did not raise domestic prices because world market prices continued to fall). Inasmuch as devaluation drives up prices, it entails a reduction of all fixed incomes as well as of wages, which are comparatively " sticky ". It thus achieves those very wage reductions which, had they been attempted by direct means, would have been resisted by the unions with all means at their disposal. It is characteristic of the folly of politics that an American government had to invite foreign countries to by-pass the American tariff by this devious means and that a British Labour government had to accept this same device to reduce the real, if not the money, incomes of its wage-earning electors.

† It is, of course, conceivable that devaluation may itself provide the pretext for an earlier termination of Marshall aid.

again, is not very likely to happen so quickly. So well informed an observer as the Washington correspondent of the London *Times* wrote as recently as September 10 : " There are many in the American Administration who at present think that the only changes in tariff laws likely to be passed in the next few years will be more rather than less restrictive." But if, by 1952, the U.S. tariff is still essentially what it is to-day, the United States, will have to continue some kind of inter-governmental economic assistance programme. For, in present conditions it is quite unlikely that American private investors will be prepared to take their Government's place as providers of credits on anything like the scale required.

Any sufficiently speedy change in the present balance of payments situation requires a radical reduction of the American tariff. Recognition of these facts is making progress among responsible circles in the United States. It is unlikely that even a year ago, an American economist like Professor Williams would have written this blunt passage* :

> But none of these measures (commodity stabilization programmes, stockpiling, an increase in the price of gold)—including even devaluation gets at the real cause of the imbalance. They lie deeper—in the impact of our economy on the world, our relative self-containment, our short-run instability and our long-run tendency to outstrip others in productivity. According to historical precedent, the solution may ultimately be found in American capital export—and the export of technology and skill, in accordance with President Truman's " Point Four "—not so much to Europe as to the less developed areas which might then become better markets for European goods as well as ours. But this is more the task of a generation than a four-year-programme. . . .
>
> One kind of contribution we could make would be a candid exploration of our tariff and of our customs administration ; these, I think, are still effective over the range of goods in which Britain and Western Europe might compete in our own market. Another is a relaxation of our attitude towards discrimination. Our doctrine of non-discrimination, like the most-favoured-nation principle from which it grew, has become more a device for retaining our advantages in trade than for restoring a balanced trade. . . .

Professor Williams also holds that the United States will

> have to accept some form of compromise between the multilaterally organized kind of world we formerly had in which currencies were convertible, and the bilaterally and controlled system which has been threatening to supplant it.

If the United States refuses to take the advice of one of its most perspicacious economists, then it will succeed in turning the recession of 1949 into the great slump of the early 'fifties. But many a catastrophe has happened although it has been predicted. If there is reason to hope that it will be avoided in this instance, that hope stems not so much from human reasonableness, but from factors of American foreign policy.

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* John H. Williams, Nathaniel Ropes Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University, in *Foreign Affairs*, New York, October 1949.

KASHMIR

By C. J. Bonington

THE notes sent by President Truman and Mr. Attlee to the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan, urging them to accept the arbitration of the United Nations' Commission in order to effect an early settlement of the Kashmir dispute, reflect the gravity of the situation in the Indian sub-continent. It is reported that India does not wish to accept UN arbitration, while Pakistan has expressed willingness to co-operate. Indeed the Hindu Mahasabha or right wing extremist party in India regarded these notes as unjustified intervention in a domestic dispute between two members of the British Commonwealth. Press comment in India gives a neutral observer the impression that India resents the Kashmir dispute being brought into the limelight of world public opinion.

Failure to reach a settlement has caused increasing bitterness between India and Pakistan and seriously endangered the interlocking economy of both countries. Daily the course of the dispute grows more explosive while Indian and Pakistani leaders fan public opinion with their unrestrained speeches. Pandit Nehru has recently declared that Kashmir is an integral part of India. Muslim leaders equally confidently assert that since four-fifths of the four million people of Kashmir are Muslim, the country must become part of Pakistan ; the remainder are Kashmiri Pandits (Brahmins) and Buddhists. Indian leaders disregard the religious issue which enforced the artificial partition of India in 1947.

The Indian Government takes its stand on the legal act of accession to the Indian Union signed by the Maharajah of Kashmir. On the transfer of power in 1947, the Indian princes became independent and had the right to accede to either India or Pakistan. It is of interest to note that India denied this right of accession to the Nizam of Hyderabad and later to the State of Junagadh and resorted to force of arms to clinch their integration into the Indian Union. The Pakistanis draw the parallel between Kashmir and the State of Hyderabad. In Kashmir there is a Hindu ruler and a predominantly Muslim population, in Hyderabad there was a Muslim ruler and most of the inhabitants are Hindus. Indian public opinion regards Kashmir as geographically and historically part of India. To the Hindu it is part of Mother India with links which stretch far back

into Indian history and Hindu mythology ; indeed Kashmir has always been a sacred land of Hindu pilgrimage. Ethnologically, the Indians claim the Kashmiris are Indians forcibly converted to Islam by the Mogul Emperors.

Pakistan can see only one outlet to the dispute, which is an early plebiscite held under the supervision of the United Nations. The Pakistanis refuse to discuss the partition of Kashmir along the ceasefire line which India has suggested. It is now eleven months since both Governments signed a ceasefire agreement but there is no sign of India agreeing to a truce pact which would be the prelude to the arrival of Admiral Nimitz, the plebiscite administrator, and the organization of the plebiscite. A clause in an earlier agreement states that the Maharajah must approve the nomination of Admiral Nimitz but he has not yet done so.

Three Indian divisions with supporting armour and artillery hold the valley of Kashmir, Ladakh and the State of Jammu. Pakistan forces and Azad (Free) Kashmir levies occupy a narrow strip of the mountains of Western Kashmir bounded by the Jhelum river which is the common frontier with Pakistan—this is Azad Kashmir. In the north, the Agencies of Gilgit and Baltistan under their hereditary Muslim rulers are held by the Gilgit Scouts and regular Pakistan units. Meanwhile an Azad Kashmir government under Pakistan protection has set up its capital in Muzaffarabad. It is recognized as the local civil authority by the UN Commission. More than 100,000 refugees from Indian-held Kashmir are being fed and clothed by the Pakistan army.

The Azad Kashmir levies comprise 32 battalions, recruited from the Poonch area, former reservoir of man-power for the Indian Army in the days of the British Raj. Most of these men served in the 1939-1945 war and occupy the ceasefire line. The mountains they guard are their own homes. India refers to these battalions as " raiders " and refuses to sign a truce pact until they are disbanded and Hindu refugees are allowed to return to their homes in Azad Kashmir, most of which were burnt down by Pathan tribesmen in the early stages of the invasion of Kashmir.

The puppet government of Sheikh Abdullah, sponsored by the Indian Congress Party and supported by Indian bayonets, rules the valley of Kashmir and Jammu. Sheikh Abdullah is regarded by his brother Muslims in Pakistan as a renegade. A former schoolmaster, he is also suspected of being a 'fellow-traveller'. He proposes to break up all large estates and allot the land to the peasants. Most of the Muslim landlords fled to Pakistan. In 1947, he was in goal by order of the Maharajah, for sedition, but was released later under pressure from the Indian Government. He has always been connected with the Indian Congress Party in its struggle against the

Maharajah, and as a Muslim has great propaganda value to the Indian cause in Kashmir. For the past two years he has waged a bitter struggle against his enemy the Maharajah and appears to have won. Recently the Maharajah left the State on official grounds of ill-health and his son is acting as regent.

Sheikh Abdullah's régime is similar to that of the police State and any ill-advised comment in public usually ends with a goal sentence. Bakche Sahib, the Home Minister, a man with the figure and iron will of a Bismarck, has organized an efficient system of public informers. At the recent trials in Srinagar, a number of Muslims were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, their sole offence being opposition to this splinter government. To the visitor in Srinagar, the Kashmiri Muslim repeatedly expresses hatred and contempt of Abdullah's government (provided there is no other Kashmiri within hearing). Several Englishmen who were overheard passing adverse comments and who showed no sympathy for Sheikh Abdullah's cause were ordered to leave the country and refused permission to return to settle their affairs. Daily as he grows more unpopular both with the Kashmiri people and the Indian armed forces, many of his nominees are being replaced in local government offices by Kashmiri Pandits. Most Muslims openly state they would vote for union with Pakistan.

Kashmir to-day is in a state of bankruptcy and is heavily subsidized by the Indian Government. The people of the valley depend on the tourist industry and the export of timber, native handicrafts and fruit to India. There are no tourists except a few members of the diplomatic corps and a number of wealthy Indians. Houseboats on the Jhelum which formerly cost £2-£3 a day with full board and service can now be rented for 10s. a day. There is famine in the valley and in Jammu ; the Indian army has been pouring in food and clothing which in many cases is given away free to the Muslim inhabitants on an austerity basis. The black market in grain and rice is flourishing but few can afford the prices. Ill wishers of India state that Pandit Nehru is seeking to educate public opinion in Kashmir by his free gift campaign. Mr. Nehru's family emigrated from Kashmir two generations ago and he has strong sentimental attachments to the country. Judging by his speeches on his tour of Buddhist Ladakh, adjoining Tibet, he has no intention of surrendering Kashmir to an early plebiscite.

Before partition, the normal highway of communication into Kashmir ran from Rawalpindi which is now a city in Pakistan. The Radcliffe Award which decided the frontiers of India and Pakistan gave India a narrow access into Kashmir from the south over the little used Banihal Pass. The Pakistanis blame Lord Louis Mountbatten for awarding this narrow tongue of land to India as they claim

the area was wholly Muslim. India has spent millions of pounds improving this highway which carries most of the supplies of her army. The telegraph lines also ran through Pakistan and new lines have had to be erected. The Kashmir dispute is in great measure the cause of the £97m. deficit in India's budget. India has doubled the strength of her armed forces since partition. Previously expenditure for a united India was £75m. a year, now it is £120m. for the Indian Union alone. This build-up of the armed forces has caused a real fear of India's future intentions in Pakistan. India also retained all the ordnance factories while Pakistan has to import her arms and munitions from overseas.

In the wider issue of strategic frontiers, Kashmir adjoins Soviet Central Asia and the Chinese province of Sinkiang. Two trade routes, open for only a few months of the year, lead through Gilgit and Ladakh to Kashgar in Central Asia through the most mountainous country in the world. As the main bulwark against Communism in Asia, India is anxious to acquire control of these frontiers and trade routes.

Timber is the main natural product of Kashmir which Pakistan is anxious to acquire as it possesses scant resources of its own. This timber is floated down the rivers which rise in Kashmir and then flow through Pakistan. Water rights are also in dispute and the Pakistan irrigation system depends on these same rivers. In one instance the Indian Government has already diverted water from Pakistan irrigation channels which were just across the frontier, ruining many acres of good Pakistani crops.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, after eighteen months of Indian military government following the so-called " police action ", has signed the act of accession of the State of Hyderabad to the Indian Union. The Kashmir dispute is to be raised before the Security Council of the United Nations after publication of the U.N.C.I.P. report at Lake Success in the New Year.

At the present time India and Pakistan are indulging in a contest of abuse on the radio, in the press and in speeches by political leaders which if unchecked may lead to more practical demonstrations. After months of fruitless negotiation, the United Nations Commission has accomplished little beyond arranging a temporary ceasefire in Kashmir which has not yet been followed by a truce agreement. It is an encouraging sign that Pandit Nehru has stated that a plebiscite will be held in due course but the date and conditions will be of India's choosing and the delay will aggravate the existing uncertainty in the Indian sub-continent. Until good relations exist between India and Pakistan, the economic recovery of India will be seriously hampered.

(*A correspondent in India, the author has just returned.*)

THE COMINFORM-TITO CONFLICT

By K. Zilliacus, M.P.

IF the west understands what is at stake, in the conflict between the Yugoslav and Soviet Governments, that has grown out of what started as a quarrel between the Cominform Parties and the Yugolav Communist Party, and draws the correct political conclusions, the end of the cold war and the dawn of a lasting peace may be just over the horizon.

For the conflict will settle the issue of whether the great Communist Parties, governing one third of the world and leading most of the French and Italian working classes, will continue to feel bound to obey the decisions of the C.P.S.U., registered in a resolution of the Cominform or otherwise, or whether they will in the last resort stand on the principle of self-determination, that is claim the ultimate right to run their own countries and/or lead their own working classes on their own judgment and responsibility.

The conflict derives in part from the communist view of the State, of working class internationalism and of party discipline, and in part from the temper of the rulers of the Soviet Union. But the greatest influence has been the hostility of the west. It was the Allies' handling of the first, or March revolution that brought about the downfall of the Kerenski régime and made the October (Bolshevik) revolution inevitable ; it was allied intervention that narrowed the basis of the Soviet régime, drove it into war-Communism, started the terror and made the Soviet Government strong and ruthless.

When the capitalist world split into two after the great slump, the Soviet Government tried to join the peaceful western democracies in order to halt the advance of fascist aggression. That meant the Soviet-French alliance, the U.S.S.R.'s entry into the League of Nations and her attempts to strengthen collective security and to conclude an alliance with Great Britain. This policy was accompanied by an attempt to democratize the Soviet régime. Maxim Gorki and Kirov, Secretary of the Leningrad Committee of the C.P.S.U., member of the Polit-Bureau and favourite in the succession to Marshal Stalin, were the leaders in this movement, and were quite conscious of the relation between friendship with the western democracies and democratization of the Soviet régime. The obduracy of the western appeasers, the lengthening shadow of the

1939-1945 war and the assassination of Kirov checked this promising development, although it did produce the Stalin Constitution.

As part of this attempt to join forces with the west against Britain, the Comintern at its Seventh Congress in 1935, relaxed its control of the constituent parties and initiated the policy of the popular front, that is common action between all anti-fascist parties in defence of democracy against Axis aggression.

The war masked rather than ended western hostility to the Soviet Union. But at the end of the war there was general expectation in the Soviet Union that the great powers would pull together after it and that the Soviet peoples as a reward for their staunchness and unity in the hour of trial would come into the full enjoyment of the democracy promised them in the Stalin Constitution, so soon as the worst ravages of the war had been made good.

The Communist Parties emerged in 1945 and 1946 throughout eastern Europe and in France and Italy, at the head of the resistance movements of their countries and greatly strengthened by the part they had played in fighting the enemy. At that time the general expectation was that the transition from capitalism to Socialism—thanks to the Soviet victory and the defeat of Fascism, the partnership in peace of the great Allies, the presidency of Franklin Roosevelt and the Labour victory in Britain—could take place in more leisurely and gentler ways and through much more broadly based and democratic régimes than was the case in the Russian revolution.

The attitude of the C.P.S.U. at that time was to tell the other Communist Parties to run their own show according to the traditions and conditions of their respective countries, while benefiting by Soviet experience, not least by Soviet mistakes. That each country must find its own way to Socialism, was the communist doctrine after the war.

But as it became clearer that the policy of the west was in fact a policy of anti-communist intervention and anti-Soviet power politics, the situation changed. The tussle in the Middle East over the Dardanelles and Palestine, where the Labour Government went back from the Crimean Conference to the Crimean War and called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old, was followed by the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine and its application in Greece and Turkey. It was this and the Marshall Plan, which the Communist Parties after some hesitation came to regard as directed against themselves, that led to the founding of the Cominform. It was the aggravation of this policy and the growing tension between the great powers that led to the tightening up of the Cominform that touched off the conflict with Yugoslavia.

As late as October 1947, when I talked with Marshal Stalin in his villa overlooking the Black Sea, he was emphatic that the

Cominform was merely a consultative association of the nine Communist Parties with great power and responsibility in their own countries, formed partly to promote their common economic and social interests and exchange information, but chiefly as an act of collective self-defence to preserve the national independence of their countries against foreign intervention. He said the big Communist Parties of France, Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, etc. were now mature and strong and it would be Utopian and turning back the wheel of history to attempt to direct such parties from any common centre.

But a year later the situation had greatly changed. As they felt more and more apprehensive about war talk, war preparations, intervention through the " X " Plan, etc. by the U.S.A., the Cominform States drew ever closer together. They decided they had not as much time as they had hoped to carry out the social revolution, but must speed it up even at the cost of getting tough with opposition, in order not to leave a private enterprise sector in their economies as a vulnerable point. At the same time they must co-ordinate their foreign, defence and trade policies and must not challenge in these matters the leadership of the Communist Party, representing the world power that was their liberator, protector and chief ally, with far longer experience than theirs of resisting the encroachments of a hostile capitalist world. The only safe rule in this great emergency was to re-affirm and uphold the principle that Communist Parties must obey majority rulings of the international communist body to which they belonged, that is the Cominform. In practice that meant obeying the C.P.S.U. Any socialist State that quarrelled with the leadership of the socialist camp would break the united front and endanger the security of all. In a world divided into two armed camps, there was no room for an independent policy by small States. A deserter from the socialist camp was bound to end as an agent of the capitalist. Its rulers must be held to have desired that result and therefore to be fascists, tools of American imperialism and restorers of capitalism at home.

The Yugoslavs, on the other hand, while admitting the danger from the west and asserting their readiness to co-operate with the other Cominform States, claimed the ultimate right of self-determination. The issue, they said, was one of principle. It was novel, of enormous importance and had to be settled clearly and unequivocally. It was the issue of the relations not between Communist Parties, but socialist States. Those relations must be of close and cordial co-operation, but not of dictation to member States by any one State or even by a majority. There should be equality and reciprocity and recognition of the ultimate right of self-determination when all attempts to teach agreement by discussion and compromise had failed.

Marshal Tito told me when I discussed the crisis with him in September 1948, that perhaps it was a good thing that the blow had

fallen on the Yugoslav and not on any other Communist Party, because the others would have crumpled up, whereas the Yugoslavs would resist. It may be true, he said, that we are rather nationalist, but without that fire in his heart a man is not really a man. They were fully aware of the danger of nationalism degenerating into chauvinism, reviving ancient feuds and bitterness and were determined to do all in their power to prevent that happening.

There is a difference of degree rather than of kind between the Yugoslav and other Communist Parties, but its practical effect is considerable. Thanks to their wooded and mountainous country, with few roads and railways, and the fighting tradition of the mountaineers, Yugoslavia was an ideal country for guerrilla warfare. Marshal Tito, who is a worker (mechanic) and a life-long communist, who took part as a youngster in the Russian Revolution and gained experience in the International Brigade in Spain besides being for many years Secretary General of the Yugoslav Communist Party, led and organized the partisan movement which liberated the country and pinned down a score or more German and Italian divisions. The greatest military factor of course was the defeat of the German army by the Red army. But the Yugoslavs are highly conscious of having built up an army of 300,000 and of having pushed back the enemy and taken charge of their country by the end of the war. They insisted upon the Russians withdrawing the moment hostilities ended and rejected Mr. Churchill's attempt to accompany UNRRA help with British and American troops, although it meant semi-starvation for some months.

One of the complaints of the Soviet leaders against Yugoslavia was that Marshal Tito in May 1945 had said : " We demand a just end to this war ; we demand that everyone should be master in his own house ; we don't wish to pay other peoples' bills ; we shall not provide the change to square other peoples' accounts ; we will not be mixed up in the politics of spheres of interest." This the Russians took as meaning that the Yugoslavs put them on the same footing as the western great powers, and although Marshal Tito explained to Marshal Stalin at the time that he had been speaking of Trieste and complaining about the action of the British and Americans in refusing his just claims, the Russians were not satisfied.

The exchange of letters between the two parties that preceded the open rupture culminated in a letter addressed by Marshal Tito and E. Kardelj (the Yugoslav Foreign Minister) to Marshal Stalin and Mr. Molotov, which affirmed that " however much affection any one of us may cherish towards the country of Socialism, the U.S.S.R., he should have no less affection for his own country, in which Socialism is being built as well, that is to say, for the Federal Republic of the Peoples of Yugoslavia, for the sake of which hundreds

of thousands of its most progressive sons have given their lives."

In August 1949, I was told by an East European Cominform friend who was in a position to know, that the C.P.S.U. had decided that all possibility of compromise had passed and the Tito régime must be liquidated. I asked whether that meant war ; he said no. I asked how long he thought it would take to " liquidate " the Yugoslav Government by peaceful means ; he said three or four years by " peaceful " means, with just a hint of emphasis on the word " peaceful ". I deduced that it was believed there would eventually be a rising in Yugoslavia, more or less discreetly and effectively ' helped' from outside.

Clearly, fear of the west has been the main motive in driving together the Communist Parties of eastern Europe, encouraging intransigence and suspicion within them, and making the Russians insist upon the others toeing the line while making the others feel that whatever happens, they must not challenge Soviet leadership. They are deeply and sincerely convinced that it is impossible for the Yugoslavs to act as they are doing in good faith or to remain independent of the west even if they wished.

The Yugoslavs on the other hand have passed from regarding the whole conflict as a tragedy brought about by western pressure on the eastern bloc to the feeling that they are fighting for the independence of their country and the existence of their socialist régime against Russian tyranny. One of the Cominform charges against Marshal Tito is that he was trying to build up an East European Balkan federation with himself as its centre, that could talk with the Soviet Union on level terms. The Yugoslavs certainly did want a Balkan federation—but so did Georgi Dimitrov. The Yugoslavs believe that there are powerful and growing elements in the other Communist Parties who agree with their " line " and will be encouraged to do likewise if the Yugoslavs hold out. They say that although they will trade and borrow money from the west in order to complete their five-year-plan, they will not enter into any political or military engagement or be committed in any way to the capitalist camp against the socialist States, and that they will go on building Socialism at home according to Marxist-Leninist principles. To justify the stand they have taken on the right of self-determination, they are emphasizing more and more the early teachings of Lenin as well as quoting liberally from Marx and Engels, to show that their régime is democratic, as opposed to the bureaucracy and police state methods in the Cominform countries. The latter make the same charges against Yugoslavia. Each accuses the other of letting down the Greek partisans.

But the Yugoslavs do welcome impartial witnesses. They stress humanism, individual freedom and democracy as central and essential

elements in the socialist society they are building. Marshal Tito concluded a long talk I had with him, when I saw him again last September, by saying very earnestly that Socialism meant freedom and equality, not the big stick, and that if Socialism did not also mean humanism, it would not be worth while working for Socialism.

If the Yugoslav revolt succeeds, it will have gone a long way to making conciliation between the capitalist democracies and the peoples' democracies possible. If the Yugoslavs can resist being drawn into the western camp and if the western powers realize that this is the moment to show themselves conciliatory to the Soviet Union and to take seriously its offers of compromise settlements on outstanding issues, not least that of the control of atomic energy, the U.S.S.R. can restore normal diplomatic and economic relations between Yugoslavia and her neighbours without losing face.

For to-day the political position of the Soviet Union has been weakened by the Yugoslav revolt and its repercussions on the Communist Parties of the Soviet bloc and on public opinion in the west. On the other hand, the military position is stronger than it was because China has gone communist and the Soviet Union has the atomic bomb. The impossibility of a solution by force and the need for a settlement by compromise by negotiation are clearer than ever.

Settlement of outstanding issues on the basis, not of excluding, but of including the Soviet Union in the discussion of the problems of Japan, the Middle East and Germany, and the revival of east-west trade would set in motion forces that would make the C.P.S.U. more easy-going towards other Communist Parties and willing to relax at home, and would encourage the autonomist and democratic tendencies lightly aligned in the Cominform.

The parable of Aesop's fable applies : the more the north wind tried to blow the man's cloak away, the closer he wrapped it around his shivering body ; but in the genial warmth of the sun's rays, he dropped his cloak. Behind the cloak of the police State and of taking orders from Moscow are the solid achievements and bright promise of the social revolution that has triumphed in one third of the world, that is bound to spread and cannot be undone, or even stopped, by force, that will mature, mellow and broaden into political freedom and tolerance if peace and international co-operation and friendship are assured.

(*The author is Member of Parliament for Gateshead.*)

WHY I CAN'T WRITE ABOUT AMERICA

By Storm Jameson

WHEN I landed I knew no more about the United States than any other well-meaning and ignorant Englishman. After only two or three days I had formed certain very clear views and impressions, and since I made a note of them at the time I can recall that momentary lucidity. The size, energy, and wealth of the country hit me between the eyes and stunned me. Meeting a locomotive head-on must, in the moment before it runs you over, feel much the same. This country may not want to conquer the world, I thought—probably doesn't—but it will by sheer weight and impetus roll over Europe, unless we can rebuild our broken walls. Phrases about " the wave of the future " and the rest, which at the other side of the Atlantic sound hollow, made quite a different sound here. I'm not saying that, to an English ear, it was any more pleasant but at least I saw that the onus was on us, Europeans. If you don't want the sea to come in, look to your sea-walls.

That was a year since. To-day, I know nothing, and know that I know nothing. From New York and the amenities of Long Island I went to southern Missouri. Of the long train journey I remember chiefly that I fell asleep at night looking at a field of corn and woke the next morning in the same field, with, just leaving me, the same small town of white houses and broad streets handsome with trees. Southern Missouri provided a lake, a wooden hotel, a single street of wooden buildings, heat (appalling), juke boxes, the comics, no books, rocking-chairs, and a thunderstorm of unsurpassed magnificence—I watched it and rocked myself. I realized two things very quickly. That I was no more and no less of an alien here than a born and bred New Yorker would be. And that, so far, I had touched only the fringe of the United States, though if I had travelled all that way in Europe I should have visited two or three countries.

The greater part of the year has been spent in Pittsburgh, a place which contrasts with New York (and with the Osarks) more madly than any English provincial city with London. America doesn't exist ; it is not, heavens knows, a country at all ; it is a continent ; only a fool would try to write about it after living in it a year. This is true of Pittsburgh, which is fascinating and

magnificent and, if they could clean it up, would be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Who could have expected to be forced to say this about an industrial mass of such density and power ? At night, perhaps, yes—looking down at the vast crescent of light formed by one of its two superb rivers, or the flames spouting from a steel mill. In fact, you can see finer things by day : the point downtown where the rivers run together in the Ohio, cold and very clear in winter sunlight ; a hillside right in the town, bare except for a crazy-quilt of wooden staircases and decayed shacks ; amazing effects of light falling through smoke, tawny, grey-blue, lime, Utrillo white. One day during the hunting season, I saw a car waiting in a shopping street, with a deer slung along the side. Perhaps this is not so extraordinary as I thought it was, but it pointed one of the violent contrasts of this country, where steel mills and forests can exist side by side.

There are moments when I believe my own theory that the sense of strain and anxiety most European observers detect in America—and are thankful to report, as a set-off against the riches and all that—is due to the sheer size of the country. My fear—conscious because I am an alien—persisted for weeks after I landed. How can anyone feel safe in a country as inhumanly large as this ? (Involved here, too, is a theory that the Great American Writer will come from a region—several Great American Writers, from several regions.)

The physical contrasts, inhuman to a mind trained in a gentler and more lived-in country, are the least of it. They run clear through my experience, and make the snap judgments of the cleverest visitor shallow and impudent. Begin with one of the happiest graces of the American character—the friendliness, quick like the flare of a match. You walk, nervous and lost, into some shop loaded with all the things you had forgotten existed ; a saleswoman with the formidable elegance of a dowager bears down, and at once when she catches your English voice is all smiles and kindness, scouring the department to find the dress you want at a price you can afford. The driver of a cab is your friend for life as he tells you about his war years in England, hands you over his shoulder letters and photographs, may even ask : " If you're in no hurry, why don't you have a cup of coffee with me ? " You begin to expect this enchanting friendliness and go forward to meet it, delighted to find that you are in the one foreign country where the simple well-meaning English are liked and appreciated. Until the day you—figuratively speaking—get your face slapped. A lady in a Fifth Avenue shop watched for some moments my clumsiness with dollar bills, and asked abruptly : " Where d'you live ? " And followed it quickly with a bitter : " You should stay there. Your people don't understand Americans, I believe you don't want to ; you take millions of our money and

throw it away on your good-for-nothing workers, and so far as I can see you're not even grateful. Not that gratitude would be any use." If this had happened in southern Missouri, it would have been less of a shock. At that distance, Europe, with England uneasily attached, can only look like a hell-spot where people can't live decently with their neighbours. But in New York ?

It wouldn't be true to say I was moved at this point to report home that Americans resent having to help us, and dislike and disapprove of us and our slovenly ways. The generosity of Americans is the one of their virtues it would be impudent to praise. There is a store in Pittsburgh where I went to send food parcels to England and Europe ; you couldn't move in the room between the mountains of boxes waiting there to be packed : torrents of food, chosen and paid for by the common man, poured and still pour from this country, a fair portion of it into common English homes. All right, there is plenty of food here. But the senders pay for it through the nose ; it is no easy generosity. That is one thing : it is quite another for a whole people to realize that it stands there to be taxed, in money, in resources, to support other half-ruined peoples. Convince them, and with strict truth, that their own safety is involved, it still is a new and very difficult gesture for a nation to learn to make—let alone to make gracefully : did it ever happen before that a rich nation was told it had no right to enjoy its riches as selfishly as it pleased ? There was a time when England was a rich powerful nation : very wisely it lent its money all over the poorer world ; the gesture was neither a new one nor grossly unprofitable. Nor is E.R.P. without profit to America. But it is costly, the cost falls on the same common man who is packing his private parcels of help for an Englishman or a German he may not even know well, and it runs sharply counter to the instinct that both what I make and what I pick up in my back-yard are mine.

Set that beside the reverence for material success, and the constant desperate anxiety for success, which works even in the young. During my first week here, a student in one of the writing courses peculiar to American universities told me : " I'm in my third year, I have to think of writing for a market." My bewilderment must have been noticeable, because she explained : " My parents, oh, and people I know, expect it. Besides, after all . . ." After all, she was giving voice to an ethic drawn in with her homogenised milk : no visiting European, however obtuse, fails at some moment to thank heaven that he need not risk himself on the wire stretched across the pit dug for such as fail to make good, and to think with affection of slacker, easier countries where if he loses his money, or worse, refuses to make more than he needs to stay alive, he will still keep his friends and influence people. Mercy for him if at this point he does not

begin to talk about spiritual values as though he had invented them—or to hold himself carefully for fear of spilling any precious drop of them on a nation of deaf adders.

Any temptation I might have felt to write an article on the United States withered in face of the paradox of a people which worships success in its grossest form and bestows its goods on impoverished countries it may never have seen. In face of the still wilder paradox of a people with such an instinct for piety, for religion, that it makes a faith out of the right to possess, and the right to push higher and yet higher the famous American standard of living. A faith—with the emotional propulsive force of revealed religion. Happiness, prosperity, the chance to move from bell-hop to White House, must and *shall* be the lot of Americans. Scepticism, even on the heathen tongue of the foreigner, is apt to sound like blasphemy or atheism. Or the foolishness of lesser breeds. It is not, in fact, a merry religion. The law of violent contrasts holds here as everywhere else ; penalties for backsliding are severe, so that the gayest are at times as anxious and driven as my young student. But it is an optimistic religion. Better say that in this country optimism is a religion. The citizen exposes himself to injections of optimism every time he turns on his radio, glances at the advertisement pages of newspapers, reads an approved author. Naturally, if he chooses to read the wrong books, he submerges at his risk. Poverty, accepted by generations of humble Europeans, is sin : and the wages of sin is, no doubt, death without benefit of the embalmer. And the refusal of death—refusal of a figure so familiar in European homes that no woman standing cooking at her stove could be surprised when she heard him walking about—isn't, as Mr. Evelyn Waugh finds it in a sharp superficial and charitably received little conte, silly. It is the last gesture of the believer, the man full of vitamins, who has refused all his life to be poor, unhappy, or humble. So what ? So—in the opinion of one disinterested observer—it is quite likely to be the United States, and not Europe, a continent where you can't plough up a field without turning up a bone or a sorrow, and not Asia, which has always been devoid of curiosity, but the United States, the wealthy restless go-one-better United States, which will discover or give birth to the religion of contentment and poverty needed to save the world. It would merely be another paradox in a country genially given to them ; and if anyone is surprised when it happens it will not be me. Nothing in this country could surprise me. Nothing.

No Englishman is at home here—or altogether an alien. There are still English roots in the soil, a long way down. The thing that makes prophecy ridiculous—and America exciting, profoundly—is that there are so many others. I had the luck to watch a meeting in Pittsburgh University of the 22 national committees responsible

for the university's magnificent nationality rooms. They sat together in the great hall, Lithuanian, Yugoslav, Pole, Czech, German, and the rest of them, free men, not enemies. The chairman of the Lithuanian committee is a baker : he made his speech, stumbling slowly and firmly through the mazes of a language he barely understands, understanding one thing clearly—that the young Lithuanian peasant who wanted to learn to read and was not allowed to, belonged to the past. The present was this significant meeting and his place in it. Watching him and the others, I realize sharply that this, this, is the American idea, and the very image of the future. It is the greatness that America is—and once you have caught sight of it you know better than to explain America as a country where nothing counts but material success. For that matter, to offer to explain it at all.

The climate of this continent is unsettling to an Englishman. But I daresay that its violent changes help a little to create an atmosphere the slowest Englishman becomes alive to—once over the numbing shock of the first weeks—of limitless energy. The sense that anything is possible. It is exciting, it breeds confidence as well as anxiety ; I pick up both when, in talking with young Americans, I turn myself into a receiving set. That the anxiety is involuntary and the confidence a moral act doesn't mask something else—a strong sense of purpose which, even when it is at fault, is infinitely hopeful. I respect it so much, and am ashamed, bored, when occasionally an unmannerly countryman comes here and goes back to do his little turn about overheated rooms and bubble-gum.

EQUALITY AND EDUCATION

By Walter James

"THE great misfortune of France," remarked Tocqueville, "is the preference of equality to liberty" and if one man more than another inclined France to that mistake it was Rousseau. It is well known, however, that what rational foundations Rousseau's fervour for equality possessed, as apart from the strong impulse of romantic feeling, were owed to the English philosopher, John Locke. Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality* was profoundly influenced by Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, which indeed was the source from which the eighteenth century continental egalitarians usually drew their psychology. Locke did not proclaim all men equal, but as part of his assault on the doctrine of innate ideas he developed his theory of the mind at birth being a *tabula rasa*. To environment and experience, conveyed through the senses, minds owed their growth, and, because environment and experience varied, so minds became different. Locke himself was thinking more of the contents of minds than their capacities, and his argument, as put forward by himself, is therefore more sensible than remarkable ; it is clear that the infant knows little and the man much. Unfortunately the continental philosophers extended the theory of the *tabula rasa* to cover capacity of mind as well as content. Each child was born with the same potentialities and nature had no favourites. Nothing was inherited, all was acquired ; equalize opportunity, therefore, and the division of mankind into a few geniuses and many dunces would cease. Helvêtius summed up this misinterpretation of John Locke in a brilliant phrase. "Education", he declared, "can do everything," and so supplied the world with a slogan that has not yet spent its force. Rousseau was slightly more cautious. "It is in fact easy to see," he wrote in the *Discourse*, "that many of the differences which distinguish men are merely the effect of habit and the different methods of life men adopt in society. Thus a robust or delicate constitution, and the strength or weakness attaching to it, are more frequently the effects of a hardy or effeminate method of education than of the original endowments of the body. It is the same with the powers of the mind . . ." Even Rousseau qualifies here ; "many" indeed, but not all the "differences which distinguish men" would he ascribe to environment and experience. But his faint doubts, and they were no more than faint, were ignored

by minds made giddy by his eloquence.

The French Revolution, to which Rousseau supplied a philosophy, is a continuing revolution ; its egalitarianism has rolled on through the years, inspired now by the envy of the masses, now by the Christian sentiment that as all men are equal in death so they should be in life. Education was to be the universal solvent of inequality. James Mill, in his article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, spoke for generations of the hopeful : " It is education wholly which constitutes the remarkable difference between the Turk and the Englishman, and even the still more remarkable difference between the most cultivated European and the wildest savage. Whatever is made of any *class* of men, we may then be sure is possible to be made of the whole human race."

Egalitarian ideals in education had dominated the American mind long before they attained something like the same influence in this country. It is true that the assertion of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 that it was " self-evident " that " all men are created equal " was interpreted by many as a statement of social aspiration implying that all should possess equal rights in society. Jefferson who drafted the document certainly never supposed that all were endowed with equal capacities, for in his scheme for an educational system in Virginia he proposed elementary education for all and secondary education for the more promising. However a strong school of American educational thought, supported by what the continental philosophers had adduced from Locke's psychology, has always given a literal interpretation to the statement that " all men are created equal." This view was encouraged during the period of the advancing western frontier. To the American the conditions of the frontier areas where, for instance, all land was free and there could be no property qualification for the vote, presented so strong an appearance of political and economic equality that it was easy to assume as well an equality of mental endowment at birth.

Although the American high school, which is a non-selective secondary school attended by all the children of its district, is said to have owed its growth forty years ago mainly to the objections made by parents to having their children travel longer distances to selective schools, it quickly became bound up with the egalitarian principle. It is said to be an instrument of social cohesion ; it possesses whatever merits flow from assembling children of all classes and all capacities under one roof. It has become an American institution, an expression of Americanism, and when an authority as eminent as President Conant of Harvard discusses its deplorable neglect of the nation's abler children he is still forced to pay his respects to schools which American opinion decrees shall be " forces to obliterate or at least soften social differentiation."*

**Education in A Divided World.* p.72.

It is from America that one may say, in a broad generalization, that educational egalitarianism came to England. The arrival was late. If we take the most controversial device in the egalitarian basket, the comprehensive school, we find that it did not become official Labour Party policy until 1942, and the first local authority to adopt it in principle was the L.C.C. in 1944. This is an interesting example of the present tendency of this country to turn westwards to America for inspiration, rather than eastwards to Europe. The first essays in an English educational system, it will be remembered, were strongly influenced by Germany.

Those in this country, however, who regard egalitarianism as a dangerous force in education are not without present grounds for comfort. For the first time in history science has raised its voice against it and, knowing the hold science has on the popular mind, we should be prepared for some remarkable changes of view.

Rousseau's ideas, of course, have never had it all their own way. Aristotle who was so firmly convinced of human variation has had descendants in every age. It is the most natural thing in the world to view the human race in all its variety and to conclude that the capacities and characters of men are remarkably different, and even to argue that some of this difference must be ascribed to the happy chances of birth. All through the last century there must have been as many who thanked God they came of good stock, ascribing their excellences to that piece of fortune, as those others who believed in Rousseau's interpretation of John Locke's psychology. When it came to argument between them, however, there was no means of decision. It was one philosophy against another, for John Locke's psychology was not susceptible of experimental demonstration as were the physics of Isaac Newton. It is indeed only in the last fifty years that science has entered the field of human variations, but in that short period it has already gathered data enough to shake Rousseau's expansion of Locke's *tabula rasa* doctrine to its base.

The results of examinations, such as the honours schools instituted in the ancient universities in the middle of the last century and the tests for civil service entrance set up under Macaulay's prompting, do nothing to shake the arguments of Rousseau and Helvétius. Young men, equally endowed at birth, will experience different environments. It is no contradiction to the egalitarian theory that a man who has had a wise father and enlightened tutors should pass his examination with flying colours while a less fortunate young man whose family background inclined him to idleness and dissipation should be ignominiously ploughed.

The scientists, however, were not measuring the contents or the ability of minds like examiners ; they were seeking to assess native intelligence. This quality which, on the arguments of men like

Rousseau and James Mill, should have been equal at birth in all, the scientists found was subject to extremely wide variations. Experiments began just before the turn of the century and the first suggestions of actual intelligence tests were made in France. When in 1904 the French Minister of Public Instruction appointed a committee to inquire into the training of mental defectives, two of its members produced in 1905 the 60 graded tests for measuring the intelligence of school children known as the Binet-Simon scale. These tests spread across the world and were in many ways modified and refined. In 1916 L. M. Terman, of Stanford University, in the United States, published his Stanford-Binet scale and introduced the famous intelligence quotient, obtained by dividing mental age by chronological age and expressing the result as a percentage.

Sir Cyril Burt and Professor C. Spearman were the pioneers in this country, the former being in 1913 the first psychologist appointed by the L.C.C. to help with children needing special attention. It was not until the 1920's that mental tests were at all widely used in this country, but as such things go, their penetration of the educational system has been rapid and almost complete.

To say that the discovery of the I.Q. has refuted Rousseau's interpretation of Locke on the *tabula rasa* may be scientifically inexact. Psychology is an extremely young science and it may never command the authority of the natural sciences. Experiments on identical twins, who have the same heredity, have not been conclusive. Their I.Qs. are much closer than those of ordinary brothers and sisters, but there remains the possibility that training may to some extent increase I.Q. While noting this need for restraint in basing claims on the data so far collected on mental testing, it is clear enough that these claims have been largely accepted in educational practice. Mental testing stands at the gateway into the grammar school as every parent knows. It is so much relied upon in the Services that it virtually decides the young conscript's employment and opportunities. In fact, although the exact scientist may still qualify his acceptance of the concept of I.Q. it has already been pragmatically accepted by society. The point to observe is that the inequality of man is being measured for the first time in the scientist's laboratory. The old emotional egalitarianism is being answered not by some emotional devotee of the class system, but by the social scientist. Moreover it is not only being answered but refuted. It is not to be supposed that the findings of a science no more than half a century old have yet penetrated the popular consciousness, but when they do, in a decade or so's time, a large part of the simple ideas which have carried radicalism forward for so many years may die of scientific disproof.

This revolution in man's view of himself gives reasons both for satisfaction and disquiet to the educationist. It frees him from

enslavement to the illusion that education can do everything. He should now be able to act upon his own commonsensical observation and to attempt the difficult task of devising forms of education suited to the different kinds of mind which present themselves to him. For long he has been asked to expunge the wrongs committed by society against nature. He has been required to overcome the effects of class privilege and the obstacles of bad homes. Through his management of the young in schools and technical colleges and universities he has been expected to restore young people to that common level which they all possessed at birth and has been upset only by their differing family backgrounds, the accidents of an unjust society. From such requests he should now be free. Inequality is of nature, not of society, and society is a reflection of nature, not corruption of it.

On the other hand, Christians and democrats must see the possibility of a certain danger in the overthrow of egalitarian theory. May it not eventually induce in the popular mind some weakening of that respect which is owed to the dignity of every human person? This respect is the whole foundation of democracy and is indeed at the heart of the western view of man. In recent years, it can be argued, Christians and secular egalitarians have combined to buttress human dignity. For Christians, though they have believed in hierarchy and have, in their established churches at any rate, held aloof from egalitarian doctrine as applied to temporal societies, all men are equal in their relationship to God. The altar is the greatest of levellers and sanctity, so deeply venerated, is something beyond tests of ability and aptitude. Through all Christianity there has been a profound sense that the measuring rods of this world will not be those used on the Last Day. Such thoughts have tempered the pride of men and the tyranny of governments and have supported in settled times the freedom and dignity which even the humblest of men must be allowed to possess. If few of the famous egalitarians were Christians, they were necessarily respectful of human persons. The beliefs that all men are born equal and that only the chances of an unjust society have raised distinctions between them are not unfavourable to a generous view of human dignity. Thus between Christians and secularist egalitarians there has existed an uneasy but powerful alliance in defence of man's freedom and dignity.

The collapse of secularist egalitarianism under the impact of the increasingly confident science of psychology would weaken this alliance which is of some importance to the western world to-day. It should be fairly obvious that the belief that men are born equal owed far more to emotion than to rational proofs, but we have seen that for a long period, only lately ended, the egalitarians were able to indulge their emotions behind the respectable defence of John

Locke's supposed psychology. Will the emotion hold under pressure of facts like that stated by Sir Cyril Burt, that of 100 children aged ten, the mental age of the most intelligent is 15, of the least intelligent five ?

To illustrate the clash between the views of liberals and radicals in the tradition of Locke and Rousseau and the new view of man declared by some social scientists, a passage from an article in *The Times Educational Supplement* of July 29, by Professor F. A. E. Crew, the geneticist, may be quoted :

> The notion of political equality has biological implications. Individuals differ among themselves in respect of the capacity to learn and to discriminate no less than in the extent of their education and wisdom distilled from experience. It is indeed difficult to maintain that the vote of the majority represents the wisest decision, that every man is naturally possessed of good political judgment, and that in any case he has the wit to select someone with adequate competence to represent him. The biologist, as a scientist, inclines to support the growing tendency to employ the expert to disclose fundamental human and social needs and to initiate measures which will lead to their satisfaction.

That seems an honest criticism of democracy by one who has considered the new facts about man brought to light by the social sciences. No one can suppose that democratic government is having a particularly easy passage at this moment in history. Naziism and Fascism were reactions against what Germans and Italians took to be its failures, and in our own country the failure of public opinion, as organized in trade associations and trade unions, to understand quickly national economic needs and to respond to them with urgency, is giving rise to certain doubts. It is at this moment, when democracy is being subjected to severe pragmatic tests, that a main part of its underlying psychology, the egalitarian assumptions inherited from Rousseau and his school, are in process of being scientifically disproved. It is not too much to say that those who believe in the human person, his dignity and rights, are faced with an increasingly severe challenge. The view of man inherited from Rousseau, which has been a strong current in the liberal tide, is being broken up. We see too that the Christian view of man, which is by no means an awkward stable companion for that of Liberalism, is more and more weakly upheld, at least in the churches of the Reformation. There is indeed a grave danger that the growth of the planning State, with which the techniques and findings of social science are so much in accord, will result in a progressive denial of full humanity to the rank and file man. The planning State might well institute the Platonic hierarchy of governors and governed for the first time on scientific principles. The temptation of self-conscious élites is to despise the common man, which becomes all the stronger in periods when he is not generally allowed to possess an eternal destiny.

The view of man held in a society is rightly reflected and propagated in its educational system. It is perhaps too early, after only fifty years of scientific inquiry into human variations, to say that a new view of man has gained hold on the public mind, but the possibility of this happening is strong. What has science done but to take us back through the enchanting mists of the enlightenment to the hard world of Plato and Aristotle, where it was recognized that men differed immensely and even that some were born freemen, some slaves ? Is it not likely, in the favourable environment of the planning State, that the powerful may come to accept the opinion that while a few men and women are little below the angels the great majority are hardly above the animals ?

If this revolution in thought about man were to occur, the ideas that now nourish western society and its political institutions would greatly change. And yet are not the present inclinations of the better members of western society against any such change ? Is it not true to say that there yet remains strong feeling everywhere for the dignity and freedom of man and the acknowledgment of these attributes in the form of his political institutions ?

If profit is to be made from these still surviving inclinations, it is still necessary to face them with the facts. Rousseau based his view of man on what he took to be the dominant psychology of his age, and it may be wondered whether a view of man which was without connection with the prevailing psychology could hope to survive. It might well be argued that the adherents of egalitarian Liberalism and the traditional Christian view have not yet taken account of the findings about man which the social scientists claim to have made. There is at least the danger here that the dignity of man may go by default, for there is surely an immense difference between traditional views which would allow a common human dignity to all men, and scientific views which suggest that human dignity varies from man to man according to their capacities. The problem of restoring a relationship between inherited ideas about man and scientific facts about man is one that should particularly engage the attention of those working in education. They know that inculcating a view of man is one of their main functions, and they are also closer than any other class to the new techniques which are being devised for man's measurement. They are well placed to understand that the defence of the human person must to-day be recast, lest some new Rousseau of the planning State, drawing on the harsh verdicts of the new psychology, propounds the division of Mankind into superior and inferior grades.

(*The author is deputy editor of an educational newspaper.*)

INDUSTRY AND THE GOOD CITIZEN

By David Cleghorn Thomson and Richard Blythe

IT is not possible, or at least not wise, to segregate the various types of training and education in industry. Education for integration, training for identification, participation training, is a vitally necessary part of any well-balanced, imaginatively conceived training programme, whether for a large combine, a group of small firms, or, for that matter, for a single small firm. But it must be part of a plan which includes thorough technical training and the encouragement of leisure-time interests and skills, the whole conception to indicate the employer's sincere interest in his workpeople as citizens and their integration in the community as well as in the firm.

A sound training scheme will recognize that all workers and managers are members of other communities. The place of work does not stand isolated from the home, the church, the pub, or wider community life in general. It is part of it, not so much because many members of the community spend a third of their lives at a place of work, but because the place of work is involved with the community—influencing and being influenced by it. Training for integration is an acceptance of present reality; it is no revolutionary step. With management and labour, community is part of the industrial team. The members of the team are inter-dependent, but labour is perhaps most dependent of all since it is an active and large part of both the community of life and that of work.

In this connection, industry's relationship with schools, technical colleges, universities and county colleges is of paramount importance. This particular aspect of the relationship between work and the community is entirely in the hands of the training officers of industry and provides a field where help and encouragement of all kinds will yield extremely fruitful results. Industry's duty to the youth of the community (a large number of whom will later find themselves in much closer contact with industrial life) lies in presenting to them as complete a picture as possible of the social and economic ends which industry serves and a true picture of industrial conditions and the opportunities which industry offers to youth for the future. This by no means implies that the industrial education officer should regard schools and colleges solely as nurseries for future labour, or

that his approach to the heads of these institutions should give that impression. Educational institutions should develop those qualities which make for intelligent, independent judgment and a capacity for good citizenship. It is the education officer's job to help see that schools turn out the best possible product, for the sake, first, of the product itself, and secondly for the sake of industry and community generally.

Integration of industry with the local community is, however, only part of a complete system of integration training. Industry is involved also with the never ending problem of internal integration (the dissemination of knowledge and information about organization, policy and management and labour decisions) ; with the national economy, touching thereby the whole national community, and with international economy and the peoples of the world.

Considerable measures of social reform and economic improvement allied with the wider spread of news and knowledge by press, film and radio, have produced a " new " worker. He is no longer entirely preoccupied with establishing wage agreements and working conditions and hours more in keeping with his status as a human being entitled to humane and just treatment. He is turning, and especially in nationalised industries, as a productive partner to his traditional though hitherto latent interest in participation and shared control in industry. He has time now to ask questions and given time will find the answers, but there is a great danger that, being untrained, he will find the wrong answers—those which square with a convenient party line, or grow out of the suspicions and bad memories of the past ; the answers which reflect his lack of faith in a management too readily supposed to be always on the other side of the political fence. The abuses of the past have left behind them a barrier of distrust which has split industry across the centre.

To start with material things, the worker wants to know how his wage scale is calculated and why he gets less or more than a man doing an almost similar job. It is not enough for him any longer simply to know that his union is responsible ; he wants to know how his wage is broken down into reward for physical effort, for responsibility, for long service, discomfort, and other factors. He wants to know about his company's profits : how they are spent, how taxed, and what shares individuals or groups get from the total, and how these shares compare with his, the producer's. There are other things, too, which are no longer taken for granted. Why does he start work at seven or eight o'clock in the morning ? Why not an hour later ? Why does one works close entirely for a week in August every year ? Why not a week longer in the summer ? Who are the management ? Where have they worked before ? Is their job really a difficult one, for trained men only, or could anyone do it ? And who buys and

uses the product he makes ? How necessary is it ? Who works on it on the production line before it reaches him ? What happens to it when it leaves him ? What raw materials are used to make it, and where do they come from ?

Industry must decide whether it intends to answer or ignore hundreds of questions like these. If they are ignored there will be ready-made, home-made answers, which the questioner will give himself, and, lacking access to the necessary information, he will probably be wrong. Or there will be party or group answers made to a formula from half the necessary information—these will also be wrong. It is industry's duty to itself and its active and sleeping partners (labour and community) to embody in its education programmes provision for encouraging such questions and for supplying the facts which will give the answers.

In a large London office recently a typical scheme of " background talks " was started, allied with a plan of works visits for those of the staff who have never seen a production unit. The programme began with a talk by a senior official on the history of the company and this was followed by talks on its home and overseas markets, its products, its officials and personalities, the work of various specialist head office departments, the company's raw materials, and its policy in the public relations, welfare, medical and education services. Talks were given (half in office time, half in employees' time) by senior executives and technicians, and by officials of outside advisory bodies. In this way a large number of the staff were able to hear and talk about the background to the work they were engaged on and, equally important, to see and hear people of importance whom otherwise many of them knew only by name. At the moment the scheme is in its infancy. To be properly effective the range of subjects must increase and also the amount of time and study. In this company's production centres, where the head office experimental scheme is now penetrating, the programme and perhaps the method of presentation will have to be adjusted so that priority problems receive priority attention. Technical talks for sales personnel were also included, since technical understanding is quite as necessary to a proper sense of proportion as knowledge that bears more directly on morale and participation training. Sales people had Spanish lessons, and many others, including them, talks on metallurgy.

There is, however, a danger in administering the programme in a bumper dose ; to " get it over ", as it were. Where firms have elaborate introduction courses for their young recruits this is an especial danger. It is debatable if much of value is gained from such a programme by the young entrant to industry who wants most of all to be given his bearings and allowed to get on with a real job of work. The greater need at the moment, in most firms, is among the

older employees of some standing who wish for practical signs of the birth of a fresh outlook in the new world they are once more being asked to work for. A varied and interesting programme of talks and discussions (held in works time, since the benefits to be derived from them are shared by all parties) can quickly catch up, even in the largest organizations. The scheme can then easily be transformed into an introduction course " refresher " programme held, say, every two or three years and catering for the intake over that time. That is not to say, of course, that regular meetings of all staff and workpeople should not be held at frequent intervals as a permanent arrangement, working, for instance, as the plenary sessions of the joint consultation machinery and making an important contribution to the solving of the ever-growing problem of maintaining effective and informative contact between management and men.

Also having their place and particular contribution to make in internal integration plans are wall sheets, wall exhibitions, well-presented film shows, works visits, journals and imaginatively planned notice boards. It is important that these things should be properly planned and made democratic responsibilities. The lettering of a notice, the slickness of a film show, the layout of an exhibition—these things done well attract and hold attention, quite apart from having an intrinsic value of their own. If the industrial training officer sets out to raise standards, he must see that his own standards are as high as possible.

An instance of how the employer's sincere interest in his workpeople as citizens works out is given from the wartime history of a large department store where the staff manager let it be known to sales managers that he would be glad to have a chat with young members of the sales staff who were interested in music, journalism, films or drama. A weekly period, after shop-closing, was selected for the talks, and, after the early disposal of those " wide boys " and " scrimshankers " who thought that this was an easy way to get time off, the talks had a remarkable effect on the outlook of the abler young " promotables " in the store. It had never occurred to many of them that the staff manager would be interested, for instance, in helping them place articles or join local film societies, or indeed that he was interested in anything except sales figures and checking-in charts. After a few months a completely different atmosphere was noticeable, and the staff manager found himself more able to select candidates for such jobs as ' contact-salesmen ' from his improved knowledge of his personnel's social and hobby backgrounds. Incidentally, soon after the beginning of this scheme, he was asked by staff representatives to help them organize a war-relics exhibition combined with an exhibition of pictures and books, to raise a thousand pounds for a local war charity ; the directors had just paid in a cheque for

five thousand to the same charity. In another organization more recently this kind of training for leisure and hobby-interests has been developed to tie in closely with more direct plans for integration training, and talks by Arnold Haskell on " Ballet ", a recital by Christopher Stone of " Recorded Music ", advice by an authority on the care of men's clothes, Frances Day on " Make-up and cosmetics ", are fitted into the training scheme which is planned to produce results in loyalty, interest, and enthusiasm.

Workpeople and staff are not alone in being able to profit by planning for this kind of training ; works and departmental managers, executives and skilled advisers, also need to be drawn into the complete picture of policy and organization. One large company has developed an effective and informal way of doing this in a series of monthly dinners for its executives who meet for discussion and the airing of problems and new ideas under their company's chairman. An annual dinner is also held at which the guests are drawn from the wider circles of those holding responsibility, while frequent regional dinners are held in the production centres at which purely local problems and suggestions are the focus of interest.

This same company has also shown in recent years a realistic attitude towards community and national integration problems. A campaign which it organized not long ago to put over by means of a visual aid device (which had been experimented with in the army during the war) the facts of the country's economic predicament in simple terms, showed a praiseworthy realization by the firm's top managers that integration training does not stop at introduction or refresher courses which tell employees about the history and structure of their company. It is quite a legitimate exercise of the managerial function, indeed it could be held part of a manager's obligation to see that the work people do not develop a needless sense of frustration born of worry or ignorance about the country's economic situation. It must always be assumed that the information thus imparted is factual and above-board, and not tendentious propaganda for the point of view (anti-nationalization, for instance) of one side. For this reason the information must be given in response to expressed interest or need : there must be real joint consultation and discussion on method and timing, and the instruction must involve participation and frank discussion. The partial failure of the courageous campaign of which we speak was due to the fact that its handling was not sufficiently democratic, being organized by skilled publicity advisers and not by the training department in touch with the mood and needs of the work force. Too much was imposed from above and without, too little was domestic and the result of give and take. Indoctrination was in the air, instead of curiosity and self-sought understanding. The campaign was nevertheless a sincere attempt and it is noteworthy

that other firms which followed their example profited by the mistakes of the pioneers.

In the national sphere, also, industry should turn its thoughts to that part of participation training which is concerned with character building and the development of leadership qualities. A world situation which has seen the disappearance of most of our invisible and foreign assets requires the utmost use to be made of each worker in training and equipping him so that he can fill the function most suited to him productively and personally. The crying need is for men not simply to do jobs, but to see the necessity for the jobs as well and to see too the jobs in relation to the whole problem. The need is for men who can inspire and lead, who can take a responsible part in the new democracy of industry and who can acquit themselves to the benefit of all parties. It is also a call for management to think in terms of individual men and not in terms of collections of men.

Leadership training begins properly at school, in the monitor and prefect systems, on the sports field, in the debating club and in the granting of privileges with attendant responsibilities. It implies self-reliance, self-knowledge and a sense of personal achievement which makes for self-respect and the banishment of timidity. At fifteen or sixteen years of age a boy or girl is beginning to feel the benefit of this training and to see that school is perhaps something more than essays and algebra—that it is in fact a training for life in its truest sense. But the young entrant to industry is too often insufficiently sure of himself ; he is at the psychologically unhappy age of belonging neither to the world of school nor to the world of work. It is obvious that the need for leadership training is most necessary on entry into industry. In a lesser degree the necessity exists throughout a man's working life.

A number of centres have been established in this country where industry may send its youth in quest of self-realization and personal achievement. The Brathay Hall scheme, the Outward Bound Trust at Aberdovey and the Rhoose Park scheme of the Y.M.C.A., though their methods may differ, have several aims in common : to get the youth of industry for a month, a fortnight or even a week at a time, into the open country or down to the sea, to toughen them physically so that they may exult in new-found powers of rock or hill climbing, boat handling, and endurance of physical hardship on long tramps with map and compass. At places like these the boy from industry comes into contact with a new kind of man, whom he can admire and seek to emulate in games, climbing, or sailing, and yet who will set him wondering by doing and saying all those things the boy had taught himself to regard as " sissy ". He will meet and work with the tough rock-climber who drinks only milk ; he will take over the tiller from a retired naval commander who discusses with him the

ways of God to man ; he will go on a long tramp with a bearded explorer who astounds the boy with his enthusiasm for music or painting or something he finds growing in a hedge. The boy will start thinking for himself, and in future will not so easily be deflected into wishing himself one of a crowd. Being a little older, and having done things for himself, he will carry back to his work and his home new qualities, and an outlook which is entirely his own.

Though they cannot hope to provide the same excellence of training as these institutions, tented holiday camps for older employees, properly planned and run democratically, can achieve large measures of success, and advice on the organization of this kind of holiday will be most readily given by those who have had some experience of it. Again, in the case of the older employee, holidays can be turned to good account by a system of exchanges abroad. Many a technician will gladly sacrifice all or part of his annual holiday for the chance of a month's paid work in a similar organization on the Continent. He will return with more than technical knowledge ; he will have gained insight into the purpose and unity of industry and the problems of men far away. His personal gain will be a more spacious knowledge and surer self-respect. Longer periods of exchange are obviously more beneficial than those at present in action or contemplated, for a man needs time to settle down and feel at one with his new environment before he can assimilate all that is fresh around him. For this reason, the longer period being more practicable, exchanges between similar organizations in this country have benefits to offer, different from the benefits of a foreign exchange scheme perhaps, but benefits nonetheless.

It is not wise, we have said, to segregate technical training, identification training and education for citizenship and leisure ; and it is perhaps when we talk of integration and identification training that it is most clearly realized how closely these three necessary aspects of the comprehensive training plan touch upon one another. So closely are they related, indeed, that it becomes impossible to select one aspect of training and say with confidence that it is any more important than the other two. But integration training has a specialized contribution : it binds together the other two, relating both to the contentment and effectiveness of productive work and creative leisure.

(*The authors have just completed a two year experiment in industrial education in a large group of steel works.*)

A DECEMBER EVENING, 1817

By Clive Sansom

In December, Wordsworth was in town, and as Keats wished to know him I made up a party to dinner of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Keats and Monkhouse. And a very pleasant party we had. I wrote to Lamb and told him the address was "22, Lisson Grove North, at Rossi's, halfway up, righthand corner." I received his characteristic reply: "My dear Haydon, I will come with pleasure to 22 Lisson Grove North, at Rossi's, halfway up, righthand side—if I can find it. Yours C. Lamb. . . . From 20 Russell Court, Covent Garden East, halfway up, next the corner, lefthand side." On December 28th, the immortal dinner came off in my painting-room. . . .

Benjamin Robert Haydon.

Dramatis Personae

Benjamin Haydon
John Keats
Charles Lamb
William Wordsworth
Joseph Ritchie } Friends of Haydon
John Monkhouse }
John Kingston, "a comptroller of stamps"

Charles Lamb enters. If not exactly tipsy, he is what some people would describe as "slightly the worse for wear."

Lamb: Is this twenty-two Lissongrovenorth, halfway up, righthand side, gallery, first floor up?

Haydon: My dear Lamb. I am delighted you could come.

Lamb: Can't stay long. Mary's expecting me. But I wanted to see if I could find my way here. I had no difficulty at all—not after the first hour or two.

Haydon: Excellent! You have a nose like a compass. Let me see. You know Keats, I think?

Lamb: Hunt acted as midwife to our acquaintance. How he performs all those accouchements in that cottage of his is one of the mysteries.

Haydon: Keats and I first met there, too.

Keats: Are you writing anything now, Mr. Lamb?

Lamb: Yes, I do my steady two or three thousand words a day.

Haydon: Prose, I imagine? I have not seen a poem of yours for some time past.

Lamb: All prose, every word of it. But highly significant prose. Bills of lading, cargoes of tea, spice, etc. My collected works at India House would make Wordsworth and Southey green with envy. At least five shelves to their one. (*They laugh.*)

Haydon: Wordsworth is coming tonight, you know. You'll have to tell him that.

Lamb: I will—the old rascal. But he's more interested in English beggars than Indian spices. Who else will be here? I hope they're all respectable people. I am afraid to accept invitations nowadays lest I discover myself among the vulgar.

Haydon (*with mock solemnity*): Oh, they are all *most* respectable, I assure you.

Lamb: No drunkards among 'em? I abominate those who cannot take their liquor.

Haydon: Have no qualms. Wordsworth will be here—Ritchie—Monkhouse—oh, yes, and a certain Mr. Charles Lamb.

Lamb: That sets my mind at rest. If Charles Lamb is present, all is well. I am always content to be where he is. Never ask more honest company.

HAYDON : The only person you haven't met is John Kingston. I only met him this morning. He says he knows Wordsworth well by correspondence and, like Keats here, wants to meet him in the flesh. He's a controller of stamps, I understand. Wordsworth, you know, has a sinecure of that kind. " Distributor of stamps for Westmorland " and a cool four-hundred a year into the bargain. At least they'll have stamp duties in common. . . . That will be one of them now. . . . (*Wordsworth enters*). Why, it's the gentleman himself. Come in, come in ! Let me take your cloak. No need to introduce you to Lamb, of course. But here is Keats.

WORDSWORTH : I beg your pardon ?

HAYDON : Keats. John Keats—author of the book of Poems which was published this year.

WORDSWORTH (*vaguely*) : Ah yes, yes. Very pleased to be acquainted with you, Mr. Keats. How are you keeping, Lamb ? Have you and your sister settled at your new address ?

LAMB : It was like having a tooth out at first. But one gets accustomed to it. My tongue is now feeling the gap—getting used to its new surroundings. We have Bow Street on one side—Covent Garden on the other—theatres all round us. It does well enough for a cockney couple, but it's no place for a lake poet. The nearest we get to a waterfall is when the roof leaks—though there are a few leeks from Covent Garden, too, when the wind's in the right quarter.

WORDSWORTH : And you, Haydon ? I trust your eyes are no longer troubling you ? I sympathized. My own are sadly affected during the summer months.

HAYDON : I had to give up my work for half a year ; but they've been better during the last three months, thank God.

LAMB : They ought to be. He's taken in two new pupils since then.

WORDSWORTH : Charles, you are incorrigible. . . . Well, I am relieved to hear it, Haydon. The world is not so perceptive that it can afford to lose a pair of eyes like yours. Are you working on the " Jerusalem " again ?

HAYDON : Yes, you must come and see it. It's in the painting-room. (*He leads the way into the next room.*)

LAMB (*under his breath*) : " If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. . . ."

WORDSWORTH : How long has it been in progress—two years now ?

HAYDON : Closer to three—and still only two-parts done. But you shall see for yourselves. I'll take some lights. Keats, bring those two candles, there's a good fellow. We shall need four to do it justice. There is nothing but firelight at this time of evening. . . .

LAMB : " . . . . if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

HAYDON (*indicating his enormous canvas " Entry of Christ into Jerusalem "*) : There we are, gentlemen. Yes, Keats, do set the candles there.

WORDSWORTH : Most impressive, most impressive. It has grown considerably since I last saw it, and the texture is distinctly richer. You have altered the face of Christ, I fancy ?

HAYDON : It didn't satisfy me. I am not satisfied now. I suppose I never shall be.

WORDSWORTH : True, true. The representation of Our Lord is a serious undertaking. Consider how few of the great masters have attempted it in full manhood, compared with those who have shown us the infant Christ with his character unformed.

LAMB : You know, Haydon, I have often wondered why you talk about " high " art. Now I understand. It nearly reaches the roof.

WORDSWORTH : Really, Charles !

HAYDON (*good humouredly*) : My dear Lamb, it would *quite* reach the roof if I had started the work here. Unfortunately my last lodgings had lower ceilings.

LAMB : Never mind. You make up for it in breadth. I'm not sure but

I don't prefer broad art to high art when it comes to the pinch. What think you, Keats ? Here's to broad art !

HAYDON : We must drink to that. Help yourselves to glasses. You'll find them on the side-table. I think you will enjoy this. I've just bought a dozen from my landlord.

WORDSWORTH : Thank you, Haydon. Your very good health.

LAMB : No, no ! *My* toast first. Here's to the success of broad art, and destruction to the high.

KEATS and HAYDON (*solemnly*) : To broad art !

WORDSWORTH (*as if unaware of any diversion*) : It's a very fine picture, Haydon—even finer than I thought at first. My eyes are becoming accustomed to the light. Firelight and candles give a warmer illumination than daylight, and the flickering lends them life. That is Jairus's daughter, if I am not mistaken. I recall her from the last occasion. And the repentant girl with her family about her.

KEATS : And the Centurion, too. He's very fine, don't you think, Mr. Wordsworth ?

WORDSWORTH : Admirable, admirable.

LAMB : Whose head is that in the crowd—yes, that one bowing ? A curious phrenological development, eh Keats ? Bump of imagination as large as an ostrich-egg, but no mound of constructiveness. Very odd. Very odd indeed.

(*Laughter from Keats and Haydon.*)

WORDSWORTH (*simply*) : My dear Charles, that head is mine. Haydon took a cast for it when I was last in London.

LAMB : You don't say ? Not really ? Why, so it is ! Now I see the two together, the likeness is striking. I congratulate you, Haydon, on preserving such a cranium for posterity. Who are those on the other side ? More lake poets ?

HAYDON : In a manner of speaking, yes. St. John and St. Peter. Keats, hold one of the candles for Wordsworth. He is having some difficulty . . . Thank you—a little higher.

WORDSWORTH : Ah, now I can see. That must be Hazlitt. . . . There is much to be said for a silent Hazlitt.

LAMB : He was ever better in oils than in arguments.

WORDSWORTH : And who is that near him ? Yes, there. Would you hold the candle a trifle closer ?

HAYDON : That is Keats himself.

WORDSWORTH : Who ? Who do you say ?

HAYDON : Keats—your candle-bearer.

WORDSWORTH : Oh . . . yes . . . yes, of course.

LAMB : There are still some smaller fry to be included.

HAYDON : Who have you in mind? Any suggestions ?

LAMB : Oh, just a few of the lesser lights like Homer and Virgil might go in—just to fill up space. Even Shakespeare and Milton if there's an inch or two to spare. And Lamb, too. He might be squeezed in. There's three years and another hundred yards to go yet. Plenty of time for the likes of them.

KEATS : I have told Mr. Haydon he should include himself.

LAMB : I agree. An excellent idea. Then he could keep his eye on the rest of 'em when the painting-room is empty, and see they all behave themselves—Wordsworth especially. Well, let's drink to Haydon now. Gentlemen ! the toast is " absent friends ", coupled with the name of Benjamin Haydon, Anti-Academician !

HAYDON (*adopting a traditional actorish voice*) : Nay, a friend, but not absent. Behold, I stand before you !

LAMB : You are an imposter, a mere apparition. I hope I know a ghost when I see one. Haydon, *the* Haydon, the true fundamental Haydon, is absent. If there's a doubt, let's vote on it. Those in favour of his absence ?

KEATS : Aye, aye !

LAMB : Carried unanimously. Here's

to Haydon then, and his quick return to the flesh !

WORDSWORTH (*carrying on his conversation as if there had been no interruption*) : I have been studying those other heads, Haydon. That is Newton, I take it—and *he* looks like Voltaire. Surely it cannot be ?

HAYDON : Yes, that is Voltaire.

WORDSWORTH : Hm. Do you consider he is quite a suitable person to witness the entry into Jerusalem ? He could scarcely be described as a Christian, without a violent distortion of the word.

HAYDON : That may be true. Yet the result of his work has been beneficial. He has rid the world of a lot of cant and falsehood.

WORDSWORTH : Maybe, maybe. But he is such a dull fellow.

LAMB : Dull ? Did I hear " dull " ? Now, you old lake poet—you rascally poet. Why do you call Voltaire dull ?

WORDSWORTH : No doubt he is very witty and satirical, but he possesses no sense of reverence. Nothing is sacred to him. I affirm that wit and satire, unrelieved by occasional glimpses of spirituality, are merely destructive. Destructive and, as I said, dull.

LAMB : You call *Candide* dull ! Haydon, what say you to this blasphemy ?

HAYDON : I'm inclined to agree. There *is* a state of mind when Voltaire strikes one as being profoundly dull. Don't you think so, Keats ?

KEATS : Yes, at times he does bore me. It's right that he should destroy things, but I want him to begin building from the ruins he has made. I grow tired of continual destruction.

HAYDON : There you are, friend Lamb! This time the voting's against you. Have some more wine.

LAMB : Thank you. And I'll drink to him alone if no one else will. Here's Voltaire !—Messiah of the French nation—and a very proper one too. If you take exception to Voltaire's presence in the picture, I'll object to Newton's. As big a rogue as ever grew too large for his swaddling clothes.

KEATS : Hear, hear ! I'll second that.

WORDSWORTH : My dear Charles, how *can* you justify such a statement ?

LAMB : A villain. A fellow who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle.

KEATS : He has taken away a poet's trade, and left us nothing but prose. By reducing the rainbow to the prismatic colours, he's destroyed all its poetry. Who can be excited by a rainbow after that ?

LAMB : Wordsworth can. Lake poets get excited about anything. Abbeys or tombstones—it's all one to them. His heart leaps up when he beholds a rainbow in the sky. Mine doesn't. Not since Newton played his tricks. It stays firmly tucked away under my left rib. I'd as soon see a waterspout or a plague of frogs.

WORDSWORTH : Newton was a fine character—a man of blameless life and sound principles.

LAMB : Ah, his *sound* principles were well enough. We're objecting to his *light* principles. (*Keats and Haydon laugh.*)

WORDSWORTH : Altogether a man of high integrity. Very different from Voltaire.

KEATS : But, Mr. Wordsworth. It is not Newton's character we are criticizing, but his science.

LAMB : You have him there, Keats. You have him there. We honour the man but damn his devices. Another toast : Newton's health—and a confusion to mathematics.

KEATS : Hear, hear !

HAYDON : Newton's health and confusion to mathematics!

LAMB : William Wordsworth, you rascal ! Do you decline this toast ? If you do, I'll butter no more for you.

WORDSWORTH : Not at all. If you will grant him virtue as an individual, I will concede that certain of his theories have led to unfortunate results.

LAMB : Well said. Another supporter to the cause ! (*There are distant*

voices.)

HAYDON : Excuse me a moment . . . (*He goes into the other room and returns with Monkhouse and Ritchie.*) Monkhouse, Wordsworth—you are well acquainted. And Lamb, of course. And I think you have met Keats before. . . . And this, gentlemen, is Mr. Joseph Ritchie. A party must be tame stuff compared with what he is contemplating. Ritchie is leaving us, Lamb.

LAMB : What, already ! He hasn't had time to sit down yet. Give him a glass before he goes.

HAYDON : No, no. I mean, he is leaving shortly for Africa. Isn't that so, Ritchie ?

RITCHIE : Yes, I'm trying to reach Timbuctoo by way of Fezzan. It has never been attempted before.

WORDSWORTH : That is most interesting. How long do you propose to take over the expedition ?

RITCHIE : It is difficult to judge, Mr. Wordsworth. There are so many uncertainties in a journey of this kind. I am not keeping to any time-table. If I reach there at all, and return in safety, I shall be satisfied.

HAYDON : Well, you must be tired with your preparations. Take a seat, will you ? And you, Monkhouse. Keats, hand them a glass while I wield the bottle.

MONKHOUSE : Thank you. Did you leave the family in good health, Wordsworth ?

WORDSWORTH : In excellent health. And your own ?

LAMB (*in a suddenly loud voice : he is now slightly tipsy*) : Which is the gentleman we are going to lose ?

HAYDON : Here he is—John Ritchie, Esquire—Charles Lamb, Esquire. Allow me to re-introduce you.

LAMB : Delighted. Let's drink his health.

HAYDON : To Ritchie's journey and a safe home-coming ! (*The bell rings.*) That will be Kingston. I asked him for this hour. If you're agreeable, we'll return to the next room ; (*in lower voice*) Keats, now we're for it. I hope it was wise to invite him. . . . (*Kingston enters.*)

KINGSTON : Good evening, gentlemen. Good evening.

HAYDON : May I introduce Mr. John Kingston—Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Monkhouse, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Keats.

KINGSTON : An honour, gentlemen. A great honour.

HAYDON : Do take a seat, everyone.

KINGSTON : (*in a loud undertone*) Tell me, Mr. Haydon. Have I missed much in the way of conversation ? I have looked forward to hearing some fine talk this evening. Has there been anything profound ? Mr. Wordsworth looks in a very inspired mood.

HAYDON : They have been discussing my " Jerusalem " in the next room. Lamb considers Milton's head should be included in it, and Newton's removed. Wordsworth disagrees.

KINGSTON : Indeed ? That is interesting. I am sorry I missed that. Did he contend that Newton was a great genius and Milton was not ?

HAYDON : It is not easy to describe the conversation, Mr. Kingston. It wandered so much. Here, let me find you a seat by Wordsworth, and you'll be able to hear for yourself.

KINGSTON : Thank you, Haydon, thank you. (*He sits beside Wordsworth who doesn't notice him. He coughs. Wordsworth is still unaware of his presence. He coughs again.*) Mr. Wordsworth. Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius ?

LAMB (*now definitely tipsy*) : Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius ?

KINGSTON : No sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not.

LAMB : Oh, then you're a silly fellow.

WORDSWORTH : Charles ! My dear Charles !

HAYDON (*hurriedly*) : I don't think Mr. Lamb quite understood your remark, Mr. Kingston. He was sitting by the fire. I believe he's

half asleep. Perhaps. . . .

KINGSTON : Mr. Wordsworth. Don't you think Newton a great genius ? (*Suppressed laughs from Keats and Ritchie.*)

LAMB (*under his breath*) : Keats, Keats ! What's this fellow's name ?

KEATS : Kingston.

LAMB : That's a town, not a person. What's his Christian or heathen name ?

KEATS : John.

LAMB : John, by George ! Give me that candle, there's a good fellow. Thank you. (*He stands up and walks unsteadily towards Kingston.*) Now, sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development ?

WORDSWORTH : Charles ! Really !

HAYDON (*intercepting him*) : My dear Lamb, come and sit by the fire. We disturbed your nap.

LAMB (*singing*) : " Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John . . ."

HAYDON (*coaxingly*) : Sit by the fire. . . .

LAMB : " Went to bed with his breeches on . . ."

WORDSWORTH : I trust you will overlook this interruption, Mr. Kingsdown.

KINGSTON : Kingston, sir. *John* Kingston.

LAMB : " Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John . . ." Keats, are you fond of apple dumplings ? Coleridge says you should never trust a man who doesn't like 'em. . . . (*He is finally persuaded to sit.*)

KINGSTON : I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth.

WORDSWORTH : With me, sir ? Not that I remember.

KINGSTON : Don't you, sir ? I am a controller of stamps.

WORDSWORTH : Indeed ?

KINGSTON : Yes, sir, a controller of stamps.

LAMB (*singing*) : " Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle . . ."

WORDSWORTH : My dear Charles ! Please !

LAMB : " Diddle diddle dumpling . . . " Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs.

HAYDON (*quietly*) : Keats, we must get Lamb away before there is trouble. The wine was obviously *too* good. Here, Monkhouse, lend a hand, will you ?

LAMB (*standing again*) : Do you mind if I carry out an inspection, sir ? I am a student of phrenology. If this candle proves adequate, I would like to take a reading . . .

HAYDON (*taking his arm*) : This way, Lamb. Come into the painting-room. Bring your candle with you.

LAMB : Where are you taking me ? I don't want to see your damned Jerusalem again. London is my holy city. I only wish to inspect this gentleman's . . . (*Haydon, with the help of Keats and Monkhouse, persuades Lamb to leave.*) Oh, very well. Like a lamb to the slaughter. It's a good picture, Haydon. Except that my head's not in it. If you won't put in my head, you must include the stamp controller's. Extraordinary development that, I'll be bound. Extraordinary. . . . (*They close the door on entering the painting-room, and Keats and Monkhouse burst into laughter.*)

HAYDON : You are a wicked fellow, Lamb. That man may be a Bedlamite, but he *is* my guest.

LAMB : Sorry, Haydon. I couldn't help getting interested in his organs. If you had let me stay, I'd have played a tune on them.

HAYDON : That's exactly what I feared.

KEATS (*imitating Kingston*) : Mr. Lamb, don't you consider Jairus's daughter a great genius ?

MONKHOUSE : Who *is* that man, Haydon ? I've never heard of him before.

HAYDON : A stamp controller who said he knew Wordsworth. But apparently Wordsworth doesn't know the stamp controller.

LAMB : They are buying him for the nation. Aren't they, Haydon ?—like the Elgin Marbles. You're raising a subscription for him.

HAYDON : I'd pay a great deal to be rid of him this minute. But I invited

him in a weak moment, so I must return and pacify him.

LAMB : Can't see much in marbles myself. Always preferred ninepins. When I was at Christ's Hospital. . . .

HAYDON (*to Keats*) : Do persuade him to leave. He said he had to go early and drink rises to his head too quickly. For his sake and ours we'd better get him away. Monkhouse, will you help to smuggle him through that other door and down the stairs ? Then join us again. (*He closes the door and rejoins his guests in the other room.*) My dear Mr. Kingston, I do apologize for what has just happened. It was a most unfortunate incident.

KINGSTON (*with dignity*) : Do not mention it, sir. I was on the point of going. I will now take my leave.

HAYDON : On no account, sir. I wouldn't dream of allowing you to leave yet. Besides, Mr. Lamb will be descending the stairs at this very moment.

RITCHIE : We were looking forward to your further conversation.

WORDSWORTH : Pray consent, Mr. Kingsdown. Join us, as Haydon suggests. Mr. Lamb has already expressed his desire to leave.

LAMB (*in distance*) : Let go of my arm, Monkhouse. It's not time for bed yet.

KINGSTON : Very well, gentlemen. As you are so insistent.

LAMB (*more distantly still*) : Who *is* that fellow ? Allow me to see his organs once more !

(*There are some peculiar sounds on the stairs. Then a door closes. Keats returns.*)

KEATS : All is well.

HAYDON : Ah, come along, Keats. Sit beside Ritchie. He wants a word with you.

KEATS : Monkhouse won't be a minute. He is introducing Mr. Lamb to the fresh air.

HAYDON : I hope they will enjoy each other's company. It was Mr. Rossi's exalted wine. Next time I must give him something less potent . . . Oh, there you are, Monkhouse. Forgive me for giving you this nursemaid's task, but you're always the model of tact. Did you launch him on his homeward voyage ?

MONKHOUSE : He stalled in the wind at first, but righted himself, took in sail, and was soon making for Covent Garden like a cutter. Half an hour will see him safely in port.

KEATS : He's been " in port " half the evening. Let's wish him in dry dock. (*Laughter.*)

RITCHIE : Keats, I've been wanting to tell you how much I enjoyed the book which Ollier's sent me—" Sleep and Poetry " in particular.

HAYDON : And the sonnets, Ritchie. And the sonnets. " Realms of gold" is a splendid piece of work.

RITCHIE : What are you writing now ?

KEATS : I've just finished a long poem on the legend of Endymion, in rhymed couplets. I'm busy copying at present.

RITCHIE : If it's published before I leave, will you send me a copy ?

KEATS : If you promise to fling it into the Sahara as you pass. It's not a good poem.

HAYDON : Allow us to judge for ourselves, Keats. There are some very fine passages in it.

MONKHOUSE : Will you let us hear some ?

KEATS : I have only a page or two with me—the part I am copying.

RITCHIE : Excellent. Let us have it, Keats.

KEATS : Well, it's a song. I'll leave out two of the verses. It's somewhat long. (*He reads*, "O sorrow . .")

RITCHIE : Thank you. That's beautiful.

WORDSWORTH : Very pretty indeed, very pretty.

KEATS : I am afraid I stole the form of it from you, Mr. Wordsworth—your poem : " Written in March ".

HAYDON : Is that the one : " The lake doth glitter, small birds twitter " ?

KEATS : Yes. I hope Mr. Wordsworth will forgive the robbery.

WORDSWORTH : Of course. You have

put it to a very honest purpose.

KEATS : I know its defects, I think, as well as anyone. In my next poem I hope to show some improvements.

WORDSWORTH : I wonder, Mr. Keats, if the rhymed couplet is a satisfactory medium for a long narrative poem. It quickly tires the ear, and it engenders mawkishness.

KEATS : I realized that, sir, when it was too late to turn back. In " Hyperion " I want to attempt blank verse.

WORDSWORTH : A wise decision. You will find Milton a good teacher.

KEATS : I hope to prove a good scholar to him.

KINGSTON : Don't you think, Mr. Wordsworth, that Milton was a great genius ? (*There is a shocked pause. This is like the return of a ghost from the past.*)

WORDSWORTH (*saving the situation*) : I do, indeed, Mr. Kingsdown. A very great genius. No English poet has mastered the narrative form as surely as he.

MONKHOUSE : Will you give us the pleasure of hearing some read ?

KINGSTON : I trust you will, sir. I assure you it would make this a most memorable occasion.

HAYDON : What about a little of the " Paradise Lost " ? Shall I rummage for a copy ?

WORDSWORTH : It is unnecessary. I have several books housed here (*touching his head*). They probably account for the large mound to which Lamb alluded. Let me think now, I will begin with the description of Satan. It is well known, of course, but none the worse for that :

" He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore . . . ."

. . . . It was indeed an immortal evening . . . . Poor Ritchie went to Africa and died, as Lamb foresaw, in 1819. Keats died in 1821 at Rome. C. Lamb is gone, joking to the last.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, 1841.

(*The author bases this reconstruction on Haydon's journals and the letters of Wordsworth, Lamb and Keats.*)

LILITH

BY LORD DUNSANY

EVE (to her children)

Lilith ? Oh, why, yes, I remember her ;
One of the phantoms dwelling in the wood.
The wood was full of phantoms. And she wed
A demon, one of those that often blew
Along those glades on winds that used to rise
Just about sunset. Light and frivolous
She was, unsuited as she well could be
To Adam, who likes solid things and good.
He would have starved with Lilith. That I know.
And very quickly. She could no more cook

Than any of those idle phantoms can.
She and her demon went from where we lived
In those days, at the edge of Paradise,
Soon after I met Adam. Where they went
I never asked, but somewhere in the woods.
I think not far from here. Their children come
Often at evening out to the wood's edge
And whistle tunes on reedy instruments ;
Crude woodland things the instruments, and they
That play them the unruliest, least tamed,
Of creatures of the waste ; fauns, elves and such,
As wild as was their mother. No good comes
From ever listening to the tunes they play.
And those weird songs they sing with barbarous words,
They have no meaning. Better far do work
To make the camp all tidy for the night
Than listen to that nonsense in the hush
Of evening, when such voices should be still,
Except for birds ; there is no harm in *them.*
And one thing more ; all that they say is false ;
All Lilith's children tell you or imply,
If you should hark to them, is merely dreams :
There is no mystery that haunts the wood ;
There is no magic where those children dwell.
And any thoughts or fancies that may come
To trouble you at times, as when the blue
Of gloaming barely veils the earliest star,
And all is hushed but those queer tunes they play
On hollow reeds, in thickets where they hide,
Are not from them. I know not whence they come,
But, whence soever, they are none of theirs,
Those elfin creatures. Hark ! I hear them now.
Leave them, with their wild mother, to the wood.

ADAM (alone)

Ah, Lilith, Lilith ; once in Paradise,
Once in the glades of those enchanted trees,
In dawns that are forgotten by all else,
There was a glory beyond words of ours,
A splendour we have known, and none besides.

SOME MEDICAL MEMORIES

By G. F. McCleary, M.D.

WHEN, in the middle eighteen-nineties, I became legally qualified to practise the profession of medicine, the conditions of general medical practice among the poor were very different from what they were fifty, or even five and twenty years later. And further changes have since been made. We are far indeed from the world in which general practitioners worked before the outbreak of the South African war. It was a world in which there was much to be deplored both by doctor and patient, a world containing elements that have now become " portions and parcels of the dreadful past." But it was an interesting world to me, and these memories of an octogenarian may be of interest to others.

Before becoming a medical student I had decided to devote myself to the preventive side of medicine, but it was soon borne in upon me that it was first necessary to gain experience in the field of general practice, upon which the whole profession of medicine is broad-based. I had no money to purchase a share in a practice, nor did I wish to settle down as a general practitioner, but like many other newly-qualified doctors I obtained employment as a locum tenens. In this capacity I acquired an insight into the conditions of general practice in many parts of the country : remote villages, country towns, mining areas, and the slums and genteel suburbs of great cities. The country practices gave me the most valuable and by far the most pleasant experiences. I soon conceived a profound respect for the country doctor. In those days—it was before the coming of the automobile—he was much more isolated than he is now. He had few opportunities of conferring with his colleagues. Hospital accommodation was limited or inaccessible. Laboratory facilities were almost non-existent. He had to deal with conditions ranging over the whole field of human sickness, and in dealing with them he had for the most part to rely on his own resources—on his own knowledge, skill, and nerve, and on his own right hand. He had to be fertile in expedients. I have known the coachman to be turned, on occasion, into an assistant anaesthetist. The calls upon the doctor were usually for conditions requiring immediate attention ; country people usually did not send for him without good reason, and the trivial ailments that formed the major part of the slum doctor's

practice were relatively few. I recall long night journeys with tired horses, long bicycle rides, when the horses were too tired for further exercise and required rest before the next day's work. The country doctor does a man's job.

He has much to be thankful for. There is the joy of country life, though that of course appeals in varying degree to different men. Much of my country work was done in the western counties, chiefly Shropshire and Herefordshire, where the daily round was a succession of delights for eye and ear. I recall returning home in the early mornings with the feeling that something had been done that was worth doing, and watching " the dawn, in russet mantle clad, walk o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill." I recall warm welcomes in farm house and remote cottages. I liked the unsophisticated, kindly country folk, so patient and uncomplaining in sickness, so courageous in their outlook on life. I liked their slow speech with its local peculiarities of vocabulary and intonation coming down through many generations from a remote past and, in those days, undefiled by catchwords, newspaper clichés, and the " talkies ". With the increasing urbanization of the peoples of western civilization, country folk are forming an ever decreasing proportion of the population. It was so during the decline of the Roman empire, and it may be that western civilization is going where Rome went.

The country doctor has the advantage of living and working among a relatively non-migratory population. He knows everybody and is known to everybody. He has helped many of his patients to come into the world of separate existence and watched them grow up. He sees and hears of them in all kinds of circumstances. He knows their reactions to various kinds of trials and stresses. He is, in short, a family doctor. I am sometimes told that in these days of laboratory testing technique and reporting, and the cumulative wisdom of team work, the notion of the family doctor is becoming looked upon as an old-fashioned survival of a pre-scientific past. If so, I am sorry for it. I am far from depreciating the great gifts that the modern scientific development of medicine has conferred upon mankind ; but a patient is not a mere collection of physiological and pathological phenomena. He is a human being, unique in his physical and mental make-up, separate and distinct from all other beings. To my octogenarian mind it seems that the human touch is as essential in the art of healing now as it ever was, and that no amount of laboratory testing can take the place of the insight, quick sympathies, and long and patient observation of the experienced clinician. I believe there will always be a place in medicine for the family doctor, but if he is fated to be swept away by the march of progress his last stronghold will be in country practice.

In the poorer districts of London and some other large towns I

acquired experience of a very different kind of practice. For varying periods in such districts I lived the life of a " sixpenny doctor ", whose ways of practising the great profession of medicine I studied with keen interest. The sixpenny practice of the slums is now with the snows of yester-year, but in my early days the sixpenny doctor was prevalent among the poor, particularly in east and south London. He came from various countries. Sometimes he was English ; not infrequently he was Scottish ; more rarely he was coloured ; often he spoke with an Irish accent. Usually he began with what was called a " nucleus ", and if successful he would develop his nucleus into à lucrative practice, which he would sell and with the proceeds buy a practice in a genteel suburb, where I have seen him, no longer a sixpenny doctor, going his rounds in his own carriage behind a pair of well chosen horses. He was an interesting figure, and of his career a great master like Flaubert might have made a classic.

He was called a sixpenny doctor because at his surgery he provided at each attendance medical advice, together with such medicine as he considered necessary, for that sum. For a home visit his fee would be eighteen pence, which included a supply of medicine. These fees were paid in cash—" on the barrel head " as our American friends would say. No valuable professional time was expended in preparing and sending out bills, or in signing receipts for such bills as were paid. The sixpenny doctor's medicines were ordinarily dispensed with his own hands, though sometimes he was assisted by his wife, and in the larger practices a dispenser might be employed. Rapidity of dispensing was essential, and various expedients were adopted to that end. Large bottles of stock mixtures were conveniently at hand for dispensing in quantities appropriate to the needs of the individual patient. In accordance with a cardinal rule of sixpenny practice that no medicine should be dispensed uncoloured, use was not infrequently made of *Saccharum Ustum*,* a medicament which possesses in a high degree what Hippocrates laid down as the first essential of a medicine—that it should do no harm. When I think of the vast quantities of heart-depressing coal tar drugs that are swallowed annually in self-medication by an unreflecting public, I recall with satisfaction my dispensing of *Saccharum Ustum* with its reassuring colour and complete harmlessness of effect.

The sixpenny doctor's waiting room accommodation was not spacious. The patients would overflow into the lobby, or sit upon the staircase, or, when sickness was unusually prevalent, stand outside the front door. There were ways of dealing with this difficulty. One was adopted in a two-partner practice in North London, where I worked for a few weeks during the absence of the senior partner. There were two consulting rooms at the surgery, in each of which one

* Burnt sugar.

of the partners sat hard at work from 9.0 till 12 o'clock in the morning and from 6.0 to 9.30 in the evening, the intervening time being given to home visits and two hasty meals. There were two waiting rooms, in the larger of which sat the patients with their sixpences. But there was a smaller room for patients who could afford to pay a shilling for their consultation and medicine. For them the time of waiting was shortened, because the doctor saw two of the patients who paid a shilling for each one who paid sixpence. You might think this implied a sharp demarcation of clientele by economic status, but you would be wrong. The occupants of the waiting rooms varied according to the ready money at their disposal at the time of consultation. I would hear patients in the sixpenny room explaining to other patients that although they generally waited in the shilling room, they were obliged by a temporary pressure of pecuniary embarrassment to seek medical advice through the sixpenny room.

One day comes up specially clear and vivid. I received from a medical agent an urgent request to take charge of a practice in south-east London for an afternoon and evening, the doctor having been called away by the sudden illness of his father. I arrived about 1.30 p.m. The doctor had gone, but he had left his visiting list with some notes for my guidance. I set out on foot and paid about a dozen home visits for each of which I collected eighteen pence in ready money. I returned to the doctor's house, dispensed the medicines for the patients seen in the afternoon, and after a hurried high tea entered the consulting room at 6.0 p.m. There I stayed till 9.30 p.m. when, after having diagnosed, treated, and dispensed for about thirty patients (and collected as many sixpences) I set out, in response to urgent calls to visit two patients. One I found to be suffering from acute appendicitis and had him immediately removed to hospital. At 10.30 p.m. the doctor returned. He was about forty years of age, unmarried, a serious man, apparently without ambition but capable and likable. I cannot imagine why he had remained in sixpenny practice. He seemed cut out for a prosperous professional career. Perhaps he preferred to work among the poverty stricken; it is difficult to believe that he could have found satisfaction in working under the conditions I have described. I may add that the remuneration for my professional services during that afternoon and evening amounted to half a guinea, but I would willingly have gone without a fee for the sake of the experience.

The patients who sought the sixpenny doctor were mostly beset with trivial ailments, many of which would have cured themselves if they had been let alone. The serious cases were usually referred to hospitals, with which London and the other large cities where the sixpenny doctor ministered to the sick were well provided. It should be said, however, that the sixpenny, or eighteen-penny, fee did not

apply to maternity cases, for which an inclusive fee was charged to cover attendance in labour and post-natal attendance. The ordinary maternity fee was one guinea, the odd shilling being presented to the nurse in attendance, who was usually a neighbour or a " handy-woman " with some experience in maternity nursing. Some doctors charged a fee of fifteen shillings, and there were some who went down to half a guinea. I think, however, that so low a fee was only resorted to by doctors who employed an unqualified assistant. I am writing of the days, over fifty years ago, before the General Medical Council issued its warning against the " covering " of practitioners having no legal qualification to practise ; in those days the employment of assistants with no legal qualification was not uncommon in certain districts. The unqualified assistant had, as a rule, no medical knowledge beyond what he had picked up from his employers. He did the dispensing and the clerical work, such as it was, of the practice, and to him was delegated much of the night work and the maternity cases. Sometimes he developed a clinical flair that made some patients prefer him to his employer. In a few instances by hard work and rigorous economy he obtained a legal qualification to practise. I worked with him in several practices during my wanderings and liked him. Within limits he was a useful worker, but it was a good thing for the public and the profession that the General Medical Council prohibited doctors from employing him as a medical practitioner.

It would be a mistake to conclude that sixpenny doctors as a class were inefficient and careless practitioners. Some of the men for whom I worked were skilled, conscientious, and laborious, who loved their work and did their best for their patients. They had developed a time-saving technique and a flair for distinguishing the important from the unimportant. It is true that they did not as a rule examine their patients in accordance with the principle laid down by Trousseau : *Interrogez toutes les fonctions*, but I was not infrequently impressed by the care and skill bestowed upon patients in whom some serious affection was suspected. The conditions of practice were, however, repellent to a practitioner with a professional conscience. When I think of the sixpenny doctor as I knew him and worked with him towards the end of the last century ; when I think of his thronged waiting room, his poverty stricken patients—who needed good food much more than medicine—his kindliness and the trust his patients had in him, his toilsome days of hurried monotony, his dreary surroundings, his rapid diagnosis and dispensing, his *Saccharum Ustum*—when I think of these things, there rises in my mind a memorable saying in *John Inglesant* : " Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

By W. Forbes Gray

CHARLES LAMB, who had surely no Scottish prepossessions has recorded that "the sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, and Drummond of Hawthornden." But a greater English admirer was Milton, who is believed to have prompted his nephew, Edward Phillips, to undertake an edition of Drummond's poems. The tercentenary of Drummond's death (1649) has arrived, and it is fitting that his contribution to English literature should be recalled.

When Saintsbury claimed Drummond as "a very considerable man of letters and perhaps the best known Scottish poet between Dunbar and Burns," he made a pronouncement which most students will endorse, though exception may be taken to the epithet "Scottish poet". Poetry produced in Scotland during the closing years of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth was not Scottish at all except in the sense that the authors were Scottish by birth. Sir Robert Ayton, Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, Sir David Murray of Gorthy —all were born north of Tweed but were identified with the intellectual and social life of England. They were Anglo-Scots in aspiration, in feeling, and in the substance of their poetry.

Drummond, while he never transplanted to England, living for the most part a secluded life at his ancestral domain, yet emphatically belonged to the group of Scotsmen who had their abode in London, and who in their poetic achievements were associated with the great Elizabethans. Almost all his poetry has English models, which is equivalent to saying that he supplanted the Scottish idiom by the southern vernacular as his vehicle of literary expression. Drummond was convinced that if he was to obtain a hearing he must compose his sonnets, madrigals and elegies in the Elizabethan medium. While, as Saintsbury claimed, he never attained the masterly expression of his English contemporaries, he was not a great way behind them. In short, he was "a very charming poet" with an "elaborate courtly grace".

It cannot be stressed overmuch that Drummond's ambition was to write "the pure new English." During a life of contemplative ease, he was devoted to the Elizabethans, especially Shakespeare and Sidney. Then he had an intimate correspondence with Drayton, and Ben Jonson was a guest at Hawthornden for several weeks. Furthermore, no one can attain to a sound appreciation of his poetry who takes little or no account of the fact that it was largely derivative, that its sustenance came through foreign sources. Besides being steeped in the Latin classics, which an education abroad allowed him to study thoroughly, he had an astonishing knowledge of French and Italian literature. His borrowings from these sources are very noticeable, though what was abstracted was transformed in the crucible of his imagination and given forth as an independent creation. Drummond was not a mere imitator. His adaptations are so skilfully and artistically done, the transforming craftsmanship is of such an exalted kind, and his personality so redolent, that many reach the standard of original creations. He breathed into them, it has been said, a native fire and a lyric melody that has rarely been excelled.

Lettered circles in London became

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interested in the literary efforts emanating from Hawthornden. Drummond was cheered by a flattering epistle from Michael Drayton. *Polyolbion* was, in his judgment, " one of the smoothest pieces " in English, " poetical and well prosecuted." In a letter to Drayton he writes : " Long since your amorous (and truly Heroical) Epistles did ravish me ; and lately your most happy *Olbion* put me in a new trance—works (most excellent portraits of a rarely endued mind) which, if one may conjecture what is to come, shall be read, in spite of envy, so long as men read books." Such cordial appreciation led to an interesting correspondence, Drayton being equally effusive.

Drummond was fortunate in establishing personal contact with Ben Jonson who tramped from London to Edinburgh in the summer of 1618 and was a guest at Hawthornden. Dramatist and poet became well known to each other, and a record of a memorable literary meeting was preserved by Drummond in copious notetaking, given to the world long after his death.

The foregathering was not altogether a success. Jonson's boisterous, self-assertive, and at times domineering personality was alien to the quiet, unobtrusive temperament of Drummond. Professor Masson tells us that the laird of Hawthornden, " when he had Ben all to himself, began to feel that he had caught a Tartar." Yet Drummond was well aware that Jonson was among the foremost of the literary hierarchy, and prudently kept notes of the conversations. He however was by no means favourably impressed by " rare Ben ". Indeed it would have been surprising if two such ill-assorted personages had drawn together. Jonson's presence and demeanour are portrayed without mincing of words.

> He is a great lover and praiser of himself ; a contemner and scorner of others ; given rather to lose a friend than a jest ; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth) ; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth ; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done ; he is passionately kind and angry ; careless either to gain or keep ; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself . . . interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst ; oppressed with phantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason . . .

Drummond's pretty astute analysis of Jonson did not disturb a constant but hardly harmonious relationship. Jonson began his homeward journey on January 25, 1619. He promised that if he died on the way he would leave instructions that what he had written about Scotland during his sojourn should be forwarded to Hawthornden. Drummond for his part undertook to send to Jonson descriptions of Edinburgh and Loch Lomond which he required for that more complete narrative of his Scottish visit he intended to write.

PROMISE AND FULFILMENT, by Arthur Koestler. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Koestler's latest book on Palestine is an up-to-date and highly provocative historical review of the promises held out to Jewry since 1917 and their fulfilment in 1948. He makes no secret of his Zionist sympathies and his approach to his subject is undisguisedly *ex-parte*. He minces no words when writing of Mr. Bevin or—on a lower level—of the Palestine Police ; and though there are occasional left-handed compliments for the British Mandatory Administration, they serve only as slight palliatives of his pointed denunciation of the obstinate stupidity of British officialdom in Jerusalem and London in their blind surrender to the wiles of empty Arab threats. Surprisingly too, the Jewish Agency and Jewish religious orthodoxy come in for some sly and malicious blows.

But though his account of events is eminently readable, Mr. Koestler only becomes really arresting when in his last chapter he launches an inquiry into the future status of Jews generally now that the State of Israel is an

accomplished fact.

When the Balfour Declaration was made in 1917, it was stipulated at the urgent insistence of the Jewish communities in London and Paris, that *inter alia* " nothing should be done which might prejudice . . . the political status enjoyed by the Jews in any other country." Now, as Mr. Koestler vigorously asserts, something has been done. And by the Jews themselves. " The existence of the Hebrew State," he writes, " puts every Jew outside Israel before a dilemma . . . the choice between becoming a citizen of the Hebrew nation and renouncing any conscious or implicit claim to separate nationhood." Later he amplifies this statement. " Since the foundation of the Hebrew State the attitude of Jews who are unwilling to go there and yet insist on remaining a community of Jews in some way apart from their fellow citizens (in the countries in which they live), has become an untenable anachronism." Later again he enunciates his conclusion : " The mission of the Wandering Jew is completed."

Mr. Koestler boldly states his own decision on this difficult issue. Referring to those Jews who, like himself, have been " supporters of the Zionist movement for a quarter of a century " and whose " cultural allegiance belongs to Western Europe, " he writes :

> Now that the State of Israel is firmly established, they are at last free to do what they could not do before : to wish it good luck and go their own way with an occasional friendly glance back and a helpful gesture. But nevertheless to go their own way with the nation whose life and culture they share, without reservations or split loyalties.

His views on this Jewish " dilemma " will excite the interest of all Jews who are British, American, French and other subjects and do not intend to take up residence in Israel as Israelite subjects. But the dilemma is even

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more real for the large exclusive Jewish minority communities of the Arab Middle East in Libya, Egypt, Syria, Iraq and Persia. Doubtless this problem of Jewish Middle East minorities is included in the Arab-Jewish peace negotiations. It bristles with potential trouble now and in the future.

OWEN TWEEDY.

THE CONDOR AND THE COWS, by Christopher Isherwood. Illustrated from photographs by William Caskey. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Those who have travelled much, know that man has no *geographical* destiny. We don't shed our intimate dilemmas by changing our place of residence. D. H. Lawrence discovered this by hard experience ; and Christopher Isherwood has long been aware of it too. A man will chew the same cud throughout his lifetime, no matter what pastures he may visit. South America, then, is merely a suburb of Berlin (or of anywhere else), and Isherwood had not expected it to solve any problems for him ; so he suffered no disappointment. In South America, typically, he discerned forces of disintegration, rather than forces of integration. The individuals whom he describes most vividly in his book are not representative persons, but outstanding persons, who do not fit naturally into their present social surroundings. Indeed, several of them are European friends of the " Mr. Norris " days who emigrated and whose characters evidently have been little affected by the change of scene.

It would be unfair to complain that *The Condor and the Cows* is not another Isherwood novel ; it is a travel-book, and an admirable specimen of that *genre.* Nor is it necessary to stress the fact that Mr. Isherwood's experience of South America is very limited ; he wisely chose to concentrate on a narrow strip of the continent (through Colombia Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, to Argentina), rather than attempt in a single journey to cover the whole vast area. His style is economical and efficient and, as one would expect, he writes with pity and irony, rather than with sympathy and emotion. In the heights of the Andes he observes (and I can vouch for the appropriateness of the observation): " Men ought not to live up here. It is far too high. The villages have a strangely mournful atmosphere of squalor... The dark Indian faces are unsmiling and aloof. Wrapped in their small blanket-capes, people go silently about their business, or crouch in doorways, staring. " In Argentina the pampa is as flat and wide as the sea ; but wealthy *estancieros* at isolated spots in the featureless plain have constructed luxurious mansions, surrounded by stables and gardens. Mr. Isherwood's comment is neat and accurate : " Darwin expressed the opinion that trees could never be grown here ; so it has become a patriotic point of honour to plant them."

The beautiful photographs by William Caskey which illustrate the book are (like Christopher Isherwood's text) personal rather than representative. They do not provide a comprehensive picture of the five countries that the travellers visited, but they bring out the qualities of certain human types, and occasional scenes, with brilliance and technical mastery.

GEORGE PENDLE.

GEORGE III, LORD NORTH AND THE PEOPLE, 1779-1780, by H. Butterfield. *Bell.* 30*s.*

This book gives a picture of Lord North's ministry as influenced by the King and the Opposition. It illustrates the growth of the movement for parliamentary reform and is as such a valuable contribution to constitutional history. If the political history of England in the first half of the nineteenth century is the story of a revolution which did not happen, it is proper for us to remember that it more nearly happened before the French Revolution than after it. More than that, it was the memory of the Gordon riots which did much to frighten the middle classes into the conservative ranks. The years

1779-1780 are thus of an importance difficult to exaggerate. They are the years during which the Whig families fought what was virtually a civil war against the revival of royal power—a war in which the actual fighting took place in America—and gained ultimate success by calling in middle-class support. For this a price had to be paid. George III's revolt has thus a real if indirect influence on the growth of responsible government in England. Professor Butterfield shows us what this influence was and leaves us in no doubt of the importance of his theme.

To the reader uninformed or uninterested in constitutional growth this book will mean little. For the author concedes nothing to ignorance and assumes in his public a knowledge of all that has gone before. His readers should have read—should recently have re-read—Namier's *Structure of Politics on the Accession of George III.* They should know exactly who the Rockingham Whigs were. They should be familiar with the sequence of the American campaigns and the intervention, in turn, of France, Spain, and the Dutch. For, if ignorant of these things, this book will leave them nearly as ignorant as before. Neither does the author concede anything to popular taste for the dramatic. He deliberately avoids the picturesque aspects of his subject and adheres resolutely to his constitutional study. For this many students, and especially Americans, will be grateful.

On a subject to which he has devoted so much attention, Professor Butterfield is hardly to be challenged on a question of fact. But some readers may perhaps question whether Lord North's government can have been quite as chaotic and paralysed as this work would lead us to suppose. Ministers were directing a war in which

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much admittedly went wrong. But it was a war in which things occasionally went right, and readers of this book are left wondering not how expeditions should have ended in failure but how they could have begun with any hope of success. Some Ministers—Sandwich, for instance—must have been more capable than historians will admit. It is true, nevertheless, that the worst disasters were averted mainly by the ineptitude of the French and Spanish. And it is fitting that we should remember how near to disaster we came.

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH FARMING, by C. S. Orwin. *Nelson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
THE COUNTRYMAN'S CHAP BOOK, edited by E. W. Martin. *Dennis Dobson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The firm of Nelson is giving us a series of books on agriculture under the general editorship of Sir William Ogg and Mr. G. V. Jacks, and of these *A History of English Farming* has been entrusted to Dr. C. S. Orwin ; no better choice could have been made. The author, so long Director of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute at Oxford, is armed at all points with knowledge and experience and has painted a panorama that presents some of the most engaging properties of a kaleidoscope.

The first few pages will convince the reader that he is in safe hands and that he can follow the development of the story with confidence. Dr. Orwin writes as historian not as partisan ; his fascinating story ranges from the dim far away years of the early forms of subsistence farming in country that Julius Caesar described as " one horrible wood " down to the latter day of tractors and controls ; in passing one may remark that paper, printing and illustrations are of the best.

The author has many wise reminders for us all, the first on page 8 : " Bread is still the first essential for human sustenance." He tells how crop rotations came about and the story of the grass commons, remarking that the earlier system of land tenure and farming endured at least for a thousand years. All manner of forgotten figures and institutions flit across his pages, the reeve, the pinder, the burley man, the Manor Court ; we may study the hotly contested problem of Enclosure, the influence of the Black Death on labour and of the mark it made on the country's fortunes. We have a useful reference to the work of the Church in land reclamation and how marsh and fen came to be drained—in the face of the opposition of the fen folk. " The value of farm lands to-day is due almost entirely to what man has spent upon them by the investment, often prodigal, both of his labour and his capital." The work of pioneers like 'turnip' Townshend, Jethro Tull, Robert Bakewell, Lord Leicester, Sir John Lawes and many another receives discriminating mention and Dr. Orwin glances, too briefly, at the many centuries through which farming was traditional and conservative and farm workers fought the machine. It is interesting to read that " all the great changes in agricultural and rural life from 1700 to 1880 might be attributed to the need for food, and more food, by the ever increasing industrial community." The agricultural worker was overlooked until the 1914-1918 war reminded the world of how much we owe and must demand of him. When Joseph Arch stirred the farm hands to revolt in 1872 all they asked was sixteen shillings a week for an eleven hour day. His effort failed. The National Union ranks numbered 55,000 in 1877 and 4,000 in 1889. For a hundred years before the statutory regulation of agricultural wages " it was accepted that poverty and farm work were linked of necessity."

Dr. Orwin has written history as history should be written ; looking round a couple of shelves laden with works on agriculture and horticulture one can find just half-a-dozen books of equal rank and interest but none with which *A History Of English Farming* cannot compete in terms of

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sound judgment and authority.

He who builds up a country miscellany from the vast store of material at his disposal to-day, can only hope to satisfy an uncertain proportion of his readers ; his tastes cannot be theirs throughout ; *quot homines tot sententiae.* In *The Countryman's Chap-Book* Mr. E. W. Martin presents a varied collection admirably printed, and effectively illustrated by Anthony Brandt. From William Cobbett and Edward Jesse of the past to Ethelind Fearon of the present, a dozen or more writers portray the country scene. Special praise seems due to Mrs. Fearon for her sketch of Thaxted, to John Moore and Henry Warren for their sympathetic studies of Gilbert White, Izaak Walton and Richard Jefferies, and to Walter Raymond, Douglas Gordon and Sir William Beach Thomas for brief essays that are a pleasure to read. Inevitably there are papers that do not appeal in equal fashion. For example the story of Cornish Games must needs concern western readers more than others, while the section 'Nummits and Crummits' hardly justifies its place. What is new is not good and what is good is not new. But if we remember that we have no responsibility for the selection and no part in the editorial difficulties we are safe to find a large measure of satisfaction in what has been set before us.

S. L. Bensusan.

RITUAL MAGIC, by E. M. Butler. *Cambridge University Press.* 25*s.*

The style which may be called Publishers' Occult is usually deplorable, and combines wide quarrying of second-hand authors with profound confusion of second-hand ideas. The authors are cranks or sensationalists, and the witch cult, the esoteric tradition, and drawing-room diabolism are lumped hopelessly together.

Needless to say one does not get this from Professor Butler. But it is a delight to read again a scholar who has studied original and unusual sources, has a theme, and nevertheless wears lightly the learned lumber through which she has ploughed, without ever declining into facetiousness or surprised little exclamation marks. This is a well-planned, well-written, and serious study.

In her earlier book *The Myth of the Magus,* Professor Butler related the Faustian legend to its historical setting. In this new work the purpose is to study the traditional ceremonial ritual down to the period of the literary exploitation of that legend, and to see if this added any new factor. The author begins with the earliest Chaldean texts, and the ritual magic of the ancient world, noticing the poetic quality which the Greeks contributed to the conjuration they inherited from Mesopotamia and Egypt. She shows how this was in turn modified by the Jewish esoterics, and the tradition of Solomon and the Kabbala, more closely descended from the Middle Eastern origins. She then selects and examines some of the outstanding magicians of the by this time hopelessly confused science : Gilles de Rais, Cellini, Casanova, and even the nineteenth century Eliphas Lèvi. She assesses the corrupt, repetitive and bewilderingly obscure texts, all with doubtful ascriptions and often spurious histories, and shows the confusion of elaborate ritual and muddled conceptions which combined in the unrewarding pursuit of very earthly motives.

What is particularly stressed is the fact that at so few points was conjuration and its ritual ever tinged with conscious Satanism. The adepts accepted the presence of the hordes of the spirit world : names that had been those of forgotten gods of pre-history, now represented as fallen angels. These demons could be brought, by enormous study and exertion, by pains and pentacles, to do the will of the scholar, immeasurably dangerous though the process might be. But it was only rarely that the sanction involved was not a Christian one. If the demons did not obey the rules, it was Christ

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who would intensify their damnation, and the adept had a sense of danger, rather than of guilt, in dabbling in the other-world. Even if the ritual failed the exponent might have endured horror, loss, and physical harm, but he generally escaped with his soul. It was with the literary conception of Faust that the whole idea changes to that of the pact with the evil-one, and of a man selling his soul, and finally losing it.

Naturally Professor Butler does not simplify the issues quite to this extent, but it is her main theme, and a most stimulating one, presented with tolerant scepticism. It would be possible to attack it by parallels with the pacts made (certainly recounted as being made) by the witches, at periods preceding the Faustian legend. Yet this would be another book.

Altogether this is a piece of most excellent research and, with the third volume, now promised, should be a permanent contribution to a branch of scholarship that is fascinating, obscure, and usually presented through a smoke-screen of popular or over-written nonsense.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES.

THE ORIGINS OF MODERN SCIENCE, by Herbert Butterfield. *Bell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The rapidly growing influence of applied science on the lives of individuals, on national economy, and on international relations demands that the citizen be equipped with an awareness and some understanding of the significance of scientific research and progress. In their efforts to bring this about lecturers and authors have almost universally adopted a human and historical approach ; in other words we have for some time been witnessing attempts to present the history of science to the general public as well as to secondary school pupils and university students.

The task is a difficult one and it is obvious that even with a common purpose there is scope for great variety in treatment if the needs of all types and grades of readers are to be met. Professor Butterfield's book has a definite purpose which its content and method of treatment are well adapted to serve. It is intended for university students and, though it may at times demand too much science for historians and more historical insight than some scientists possess, it is a contribution of outstanding importance. Perhaps its most valuable feature is the clear way in which it shows how a new discovery emerges from contemporary thought, challenges an existing scientific system, and involves a change of mental attitude on the part of the discoverer. The reader is called upon to guard against assessing the significance of a discovery or a theory from the modern standpoint ; he is persuaded to consider past systems of thought not only as they appeared to those who changed or destroyed them, but also from the standpoint of those who originated or upheld them.

The book contains a series of twelve lectures, covering the period 1300 to 1800, given by the author in 1948 as Chairman of the History of Science Committee at Cambridge and intended to introduce the establishment of a " course of teaching which should deal, not merely with the background of science, but with the history of scientific activity itself, and this not merely in occasional episodes but as the study of a continuous process of development." In the accounts given of the work and influence of Galileo, Copernicus, Bacon and Descartes, many will find much that is new to them in outlook if not in fact. Progress in the non-mechanical sciences is included, and the lectures dealing with the place of the scientific revolution in the history of western civilization and with ideas of progress and evolution give the reader a clear insight into the true character of the Renaissance.

To say that Professor Butterfield has succeeded in depicting the growth of science as a component of the development of human thought and progress is

to say that the book is good history. We may hope that the history of science may be presented in this manner to those upon whom will fall the task of its exposition in schools and to the general public.

G. H. LESLIE.

W. E. HENLEY, by John Connell. *Constable*. 21*s*.

If Henley has waited long for a biography worthy of his standing he has, in the end, lost nothing by the delay. Under Mr. Connell's admirable guidance he has, rather, come romping home with the other Victorians who emerge from a cobwebby corridor into a sunlit arena sacred to the spirits of those big men of the past. Henley was big in body, in outlook, in geniality and adventure, big in his grappling with the mighty handicap of his lameness and ill-health. There were irascibilities and prejudice in his make-up but, far from being the inhibited, convoluted invalid, he was bold and confident as friend and essayist, editor and poet. The man whose bust was modelled by Rodin remains, now his full-length statue is unveiled, much of a fighter and something of a giant. To-day his essays, if we look into them, are more than readable, his poetry at times *too* readable, as the loose line, the heartfelt sigh, the robust challenge pour out with an air of bland facility into memorable rich epithets laced with journalese.

Looking at this remarkably rounded portrait it is clear enough, if indeed it was ever doubted except by Stevenson-worshippers, that in the famous friendship Henley gave every bit as much as he received ; nor is it a distortion that shows him, in the matter of their quarrel—deplorable as the whole mountainous molehill was—behaving with less pettiness than R.L.S. The dispute was really with Fanny Stevenson; except for his hatred of her Henley could be generous, but his generosity met and was worsted by this other primary emotion. His rigid non-forgiveness, that led him, in his final years, to refuse an overture from her son, was part of the solid inflexible big man himself. Although the hollow left by Stevenson could never be filled his place on the surface of Henley's relationships was to be taken almost at once by Charles Whibley, whose co-operation on the *Scots Observer* made the whole venture possible to Henley. Possible, but not profitable, for even Whibley was without that dawning sense that the most skilfully conducted literary periodical requires a business side. It is the unpublished correspondence between Henley and Whibley that Mr. Connell claims as the basis of his biography. He need not have been so modest ; a virile, perceptive likeness of his subject has already won us before ever the Whibley partnership begins. This, indeed, for all its undoubted interest, is notable chiefly for showing the bustle and anxieties of editorship, the personal contacts, clashes, rivalries, and the ephemeral projects, so absorbing while they dance on the horizon, so more-than-common dead by the following week.

On Henley's Kipling-period imperialism Mr. Connell has some illuminating defensive comments, as he pictures us observing now from the ruined outworks of the very edifice these authors were helping to construct. We have, to be sure, long since dropped the pose of reaction and mockery that was rampant after the 1914 war. By now we can surely treat with friendly detachment Henley's memorial lines to Queen Victoria about " dear demi-England, far-away isles of home " where her fighting sons may gasp " I die for England's sake, and it is well." Probably Rupert Brooke was more coloured by Henley's vision than he knew himself. To-day it is history ; and Henley's part in that age comes to us with a fascination that belongs to history, enthusiasm and belief. Mr. Connell has enjoyed and appreciated his subject without ever losing his twentieth century foothold and his steady approach.

SYLVA NORMAN.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Left over from last month's reading—and it is no bad thing to store some of of the warmth and light of Italy for December days—is THE DARK PENINSULA by Ernest Frost (*John Lehmann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*). This is recommended not so much by achievement as by what it promises. The wartime scene, with the fighting moved away, is somewhere beyond Naples, along that most beautiful Sorrento coast road, by perched and coloured towns like Amalfi and Positano, running round the Gulf of Salerno and backed by the Apennines all the way. To one who has lately been spiritually and emotionally quickened by such magnificence, the setting of the book, similar if not actual, is often more real than the characters. Sharp enough in themselves, in their relationships with each other they somehow become blurred. Probably too much significance—in a first novel not nearly the fault that too little would be—was packed in. A talent like Mr. Frost's must soon find the size and weight for shapeliness. Anyone who was a soldier in Italy, and surrendered to its spell, ought to find the book among his Christmas gifts. He would share the day to day contacts with the town and its people which must be for ever outside the experience of the ordinary tourist.

Lifting up mine eyes

A book for Christmas that will appeal equally to holiday maker, traveller, mountaineer and stay-at-home is MOUNTAINS IN COLOUR (*Max Parrish.* 25*s.*). The name of Frank S. Smythe as author and photographer is a guarantee of description and pictures. With his first-hand knowledge of Everest, it is not surprising that the opening section of the book is entitled "The Himalayas." Then, from the overwhelming he descends to "The British Hills" of Scotland, the Lake District and Wales. "Switzerland" follows (with two more pages than the index credits it with) and "The Mountains and Hills of North America" brings up a triumphant rear. There are 57 photographs which are a tribute to camera and printer alike in a volume that is to be found nonchalantly angled on a convenient table, for the breathless attention of callers.

From caves to Chelsea

Another book from *Max Parrish* to draw cries of gratitude on Christmas Day is Lancelot Hogben's CAVE PAINTING TO COMIC STRIP (21*s.*). The author of *Mathematics for the Million* and *Science for the Citizen* further enlarges his field of "popular exposition", and the highest of brows has again been able to write for the low, without detriment to either. Marie Neurath, the Director of the Isotype Institute, has selected over 200 illustrations in black and white and 20 whole-page coloured pictures which help to turn the "kaleidoscope of human communication." Man's earliest efforts to educate himself are presented as a lighthearted, even hilarious affair, though the warnings against his ultimate fate if he doesn't watch out are not less serious than other more pontifical utterances.—— "Visual aids", in the shape of many drawings and photographs, are also fully exploited in the third of the *Max Parrish* books which might adorn a Christmas tree. This is FLOWER OF CITIES (18*s.* 6*d.*) to which 22 authors have each contributed a chapter. Their approaches are as varied as London itself: among them, John Betjeman chooses its railway stations, Elizabeth Bowen Regent's Park with St. John's Wood, Patric Dickinson the B.B.C., Jenifer Wayne the law in London, E. Arnot Robertson Hampstead, and Rex Alston London occasions. This is a guide book to the character of the place—to the spirit and atmosphere under and about its lovely, ugly, lively face.

Owning a home

The story of one of London's institutions, the Abbey Road Building Society, is told by its chairman, Sir Harold Bellman, in BRICKS AND MORTALS (*Hutchinson.* 16*s.*). Now less familiarly known as the Abbey National Society, its beginnings are traced back to St. John's Wood in 1849, with Cobden as a vice-president. Nor is the book concerned only with Abbey Road ; it incorporates the history of " the British building society movement as a whole " and has also a chapter called " The Movement Overseas." The photographs, particularly those of relevant documents, are scattered interestingly and with discrimination throughout, and the whole is not so much a centenary commemoration as a practical and long range textbook on the subject.

Independence

Apropos : the first essay in BROWN STUDIES by W. J. Brown, M.P., (*Latimer House.* 9*s.* 6*d.*) propounds the theory that in the building of houses " we had better have uncontrolled plenty than controlled scarcity." In the Foreword to the book Arthur Bryant says : " If Mr. W. J. Brown has an historical prototype in our literature it is Cobbett," and as one of the few independent Members of Parliament he has a right to hit hard—and when he thinks our liberties are being invaded, which is very often, he hits very hard indeed. Consequently, to read at a sitting he is exhaustingly vociferous, though nobody could quarrel with some of his dislikes : of bureaucracy, of trade union tyranny, of M.P.s who suffer " from a kind of verbal incontinence." In short, he often talks like a liberal but without liberal persuasiveness.——With quieter voice Dudley Carew makes " a personal retrospect " in THE HOUSE IS GONE (*Robert Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*). A child in the Edwardian era, he does not hide his preference for it, with all its faults, although he would have preferred even more to have been born in 1840, when the faults were even graver. He is particularly cogent on Socialism in the early years of this century, with Bible in hand against the materialist Conservatism. Now, he says, " the emphasis of Labour policy is materialistic and cannot see beyond shorter hours and bigger wages." Cricket, the *London Mercury*, holidays, his literary contemporaries, private and public schools, books, are some of the subjects on which he has opinions to respect. His prejudices, where violent, are never violently expressed and herein lies one of the chief charms of this informal autobiography.

Privilege, rights and duty

Also from *Robert Hale* come the autobiography and diaries of another man devoted to cricket, assembled by his grandson, Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, in THIS WAS A MAN (15*s.*). A son of the fifth Earl of Darnley, the handsome and brilliant E. V. Bligh who was born in 1829 became successively diplomat, parson and squire. Great people, rich and poor, and great happenings, good and bad, set against a background of great houses, give this social record of the nineteenth century an air of the fabulous. Yet *noblesse oblige*, notwithstanding all its compartments, seems to have been conceived as a tremendous duty of the period.——In 1947 Gandhi wrote to Dr. Julian Huxley : " I learnt from my illiterate but wise mother that all rights to be deserved and preserved came from duty well done." The letter is quoted in HUMAN RIGHTS, a symposium prepared by UNESCO (*Allan Wingate.* 15*s.*). Introduced by Jacques Maritain, the writers, who include Salvador de Madariaga, Harold J. Laski, Aldous Huxley and Margery Fry, here present the " most significant texts " from which the preparatory work for the Universal Declaration of Human Rights issued by the General Assembly of UNO in 1948 was drawn. Article 1 declares :

> All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood—

the twentieth century interpretation of *noblesse oblige* and as far yet from full accomplishment as ever was the nineteenth's.——Some there are for whom the conception of duty lies merely in " doing the thing that's nearest " and who are surprised when it leads to glory. Of such are the heroes of Kenneth Hare-Scott's FOR VALOUR (*Peter Garnett.* 10*s.* 6*d.*). He has written the biographies of 13 men who won the Victoria Cross in the 1939-1945 war, added a postscript about eight more of whom there are insufficient details for " independent biographical sketches " and prefaced the whole with a history of the 'highest award'. Accompanying the photographs of the recipients are the appropriate illustrations : a submarine entering Malta harbour, the infantry attacking in the Western Desert, a raid on St. Nazaire, preparing to attack at Satelberg, Canadians advancing near Ortona, wading ashore at Normandy, battle scenes at Arnhem, troops advancing towards Meiktila and an air sea rescue launch, all of which sanction the caption " From Iceland to New Guinea " beneath the map and chart of operations.

" Splendid persons "

Duty in very high places indeed is the theme of HEIRS OF TRADITION (*Carroll & Nicholson.* 15*s.*). Only Robert Sencourt's sincerity preserves his book from a " snob value " label. Much autobiography is interspersed with these records of his contacts with the wealth and position to which he acknowledges that his colonial loyalty pays deference, and it is inevitable that dear Mr. Collins should be recalled by such ejaculations as : " How much I have enjoyed the dignity of her deaneries and palaces in which I have been so graciously entertained ! How much I respect that atmosphere of culture and taste in which as a Church she moves ! " This imperialistic New Zealander with a burning desire to unite the Churches of England and Rome " sees in character, tradition and religious faith the primary essentials of individual greatness and of national worth." And the individuals he divides into four groups : Oxford, the Empire, Europe and the Church, with two cardinals and a pope in the last and, most happily, H. A. L. Fisher in the first and, in the third, Count Sforza. Altogether, there are studies of 19 personalities, a chapter on some " of the Danube " and another on the House of Lords.

Sic transit

Which brings us to a larger world, in fact to 730 people whose names are enshrined in THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY 1931-1940, edited by L. G. Wickham Legg (*Geoffrey Cumberlege : Oxford University Press.* 50*s.*). The dates are recent enough to stir memories still vivid, and to rearouse regrets. From the arts alone there died in that decade before the war J. M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, John Buchan, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, G. K. Chesterton, Delius, Sir Edward Elgar, Roger Fry, John Galsworthy, Gustav Holst, A. E. Housman, Kipling, E. V. Lucas, Melba, George Saintsbury, W. B. Yeats and others. Then, from both ends of the social scale Britain lost George V and the " John Bull of Poplar" George Lansbury. The article on the last is Mary Agnes Hamilton's and that on the King by Sir Owen Morshead: indications of the quality of the contributors. Besides the list of these at the beginning, it is more than a convenience, it is a pleasure, to see their signatures appended to their work as well.

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